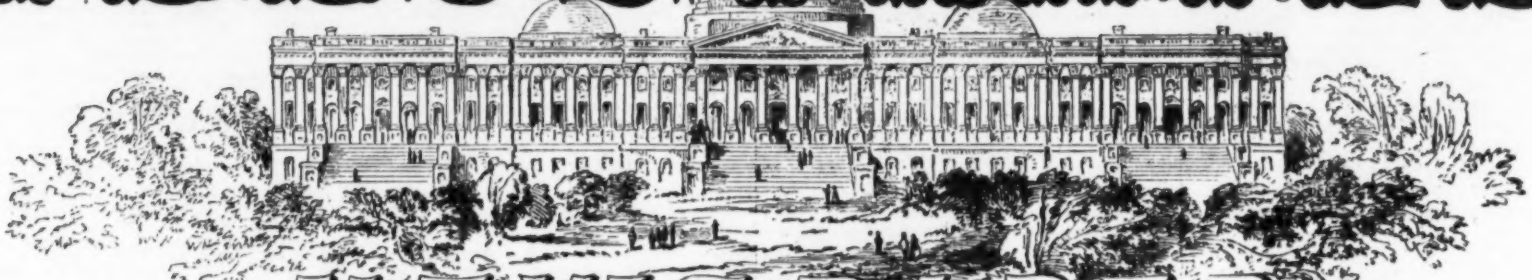


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 435—Vol. XVII.]

NEW YORK, JANUARY 30, 1864.

[PRICE 8 CENTS.]

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,

AUTHOR OF "FASHION AND FAMINE," "THE
REJECTED WIFE," ETC., ETC.

The \$5,000 Prize Tale

Commences with this number.

THE FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT

In the Church of the Compania at Santia-
go de Chili.

AMID a civil war of unparalleled carnage, when the telegraph often sends to us from various points of our vast country accounts of battles fought at the same moment, when the idea of death in fearful form has become so habitual that the death of

thousands seems to lose its terrible reality, the news of an accident in Chili comes with such frightful details as to fill all with horror.

The month of May, elsewhere celebrated in May, is in Chili, made a preparation to the great Spanish festival the "Immaculate Conception," on the 8th of December. Among the associations which in Santiago attended these devotions with the greatest zeal was a well-known one of ladies and girls called the "Children of Mary," who assembled at a church

which, prior to the suppression of the Jesuits in 1763, belonged to that order, and has retained the name of the church of the Compania. Next to the Cathedral it was considered the finest ecclesiastical building in the city. The roof was lighted by stained glass, as were the windows around the cupola above the high altar. The altar and paintings were in good taste and by far the best in the city. The building was most favorably known in Chilean annals as the spot where gratuitous instruction of the poor was commenced by



THE TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION IN CHILI—CHURCH OF THE COMPANIA, AT SANTIAGO, DESTROYED BY FIRE ON THE 8TH OF DECEMBER—2,000 WOMEN AND CHILDREN KILLED.—FROM A PHOTO. BY MYTHOS.

— Mr. Samuel Sears, a merchant, 33 Park Row, died on the 11th of Jan. from the effects of inhaling

nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, which was administered to him by a dentist to prevent the pain of teeth extraction.

—Mr. Malcolm Campbell, one of the ablest and most respectable lawyers in our city, was arrested on the 15th Jan., on the Napoleonic pretence that he would not betray the secrets of his client. We shall not hear of the arrest of the Catholic priest for not recanting those of the confessional. Geo. Dix rebuked the action of his subordinates by immediately releasing Mr. Campbell, with a handsome apology.

—The official return of persons killed during the riots has been made; it amounts to 165, of which 149 were men, 11 women and 5 children.

Foreign.—Some time ago a lunatic named Astmore, confined in the Richmond (England) Lunatic Asylum, was killed in the night by another patient, not previously supposed to be dangerous. His widow brought an action against Dr. Lator, the superintendent, which, after two days' trial, was decided in his favor, the jury not considering that she sustained any damage by losing a son-in-law.

—Mons. Eugene Provos, the conductor for years of the opera in New Orleans is now leader of the orchestra of Mons. Offenbach's popular theatre, Les Bouffes Parisiens, in Paris. He is to bring out an opera of his own during the season.

—The Great balloon, in its late aerial journey, performed a total distance of 370 leagues (925 miles) in 16 hours, being at the rate of 58 1/2 miles an hour.

—The English merchants and manufacturers are rejoicing in the large increase of their foreign trade the past year. The value of the exported linen goods alone, for the last 10 months, was \$23,649,200—the United States taking one-third in quantity and value.

—Associations called "Steelboys" are organizing in Ireland, whose operations are of a disorderly character, and are exemplified by assisting defaulting tenants to carry off their crops.

—Not a single person was killed or injured on the Great Western Railway in the year 1862, though eight millions and a half of passengers were carried over it.

—The number of political journals in Paris and the D. departments, at present, is 318, of unpolitical 6,700.

—The old statue of Napoleon I., from the Place Vendôme, has been placed on a pedestal at the Rond-point of Courcouronnes, and being only 30 feet from the ground, appears to much greater advantage than formerly at 138 feet.

—Madame Succa, of the Berlin opera, is such a favorite there that she has been engaged for life at an enormous salary, with a six months' vacation annually to rest herself.

—The ladies of Paris have adopted a fashion for the winter of wearing their dresses drawn up over colored jupons, light woollen materials of striped patterns, with a band of gold or narrow plaid ribbon near the edge. They have thus given up the practice of sweeping the streets.

—A letter dated Demarara, Nov. 6, says: "The Eldorado of Sir Walter Raleigh appears to be at last discovered, close to the great settlement on the Cayuni river; and a company is just starting to work the gold mines, which appear to be the richest and most easy of access in the world."

—There are 2,116,000 horses in England—600,000 for private use.

—There has been no rain in Hungary for nearly two years. As a consequence, the crops have come to nothing, and the flocks and herds are dying, disease having followed the drought. The writer estimates the loss at \$60,000,000.

—A French paper has published the correspondence between the Pope and Jeff Davis. It appears the latter wrote to his Holiness respecting the letters sent by the Pontiff to the Archbishops of New Orleans and New York. The Pope acknowledged the receipt of the letter, and advised Jeff Davis, whom he styles illustrious and honorable President, to close up the civil war and live charitably with his Northern brethren.

Art, Science and Literature.—Miss Fanny Kemble has just published a volume in London. It contains "An English Tragedy," in five acts, by herself; "Mary Stuart," a play translated from Schiller, and "Mademoiselle De Belle Isle," a play from the French of Alexandre Dumas. The London critics praise the volume up without mercy. The *Saturday Review* facetiously attributes the dulness of these productions to her residence in America, which stifles even a Kemble.

—Mrs. Henry C. Watson gave a private reading in Chickering's rooms to her friends, on Friday 15th Jan. Her programme comprised selections from the best authors of England and America, interspersed with music, which was charmingly rendered. Mrs. Watson has every requisite of a successful elocutionist; a charming presence, a fine and flexible voice, capable of every phase of modulation, great taste and the rare faculty of bringing out the poet's true meaning, without that extra emphasis as unartistic as stalling the point of a witticism, which ought always to be left to the reader's sagacity. The room was filled with an audience at once *recherché* and appreciative. If Mrs. Watson should give a series of public readings, there can be no doubt of her achieving a great success. She sang the following songs: "When Daisies Fled," "Come to the Yellow Sands," and "Where the Bee Sucks," with great ease and finish. The best recitation of the evening was Edgar A. Poe's famous "Song of the Bell," to the refrain of which Mrs. Watson's voice was admirably suited, being clear, soft and silvery as a bell itself.

—"Days and Nights on the Battlefield," a work by the war correspondent of the Boston Journal, is having a very large sale.

Chit-Chat.—At the Cincinnati fair for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers, a young soldier gave \$5 for a kiss from one of the fair stilkkeepers; the beautiful and blushing country suffered the infliction for the sake of her country.

—A young lady in Chardon, Wis., has just gained a verdict of \$10,000 damages against a gay deceiver, who, after courting her for 14 years, refused to marry her.

—Here is a specimen of Washington "personals": "A lady of refinement and education would like to make the acquaintance of a senator or foreign legation. Address, post office, to Florence Benton."

—There were 2,803 marriages last year in Boston, and 4,693 deaths.

—The Female Seclusion Society has been holding its 47th anniversary in Boston.

—The amount of gold and silver produced throughout the world, in 1863, is estimated as follows: California, \$70,000,000; other portions of the United States, \$30,000,000; British Columbia, \$6,000,000; Mexico, \$5,000,000; South America, \$13,000,000; Russia, \$22,000,000; Australia, \$75,000,000; New Zealand and British Colonies, \$12,000,000; other countries, \$18,000,000. Total amount, \$279,000,000; or quadruple the product before the discovery of gold in California. Nearly all this increase has been in the United States and in the South Pacific islands, including Australia.

—Among the many curious relics in the Cincinnati Fair is a chip from the Beech Tree of the Leek, showing the tomahawk marks of Daniel Boone, which was the corner tree and starting point for his claim to lands in Kentucky. They are a growth of wood having covered this tomahawk mark, it was necessary, in settling the numerous lawsuits in Kentucky, to produce the mark made by Boone. This was done by carefully sealing off the yearly growth, until the mark appeared corresponding with the year he made it, and the chip being in court and the tree proved from which it was taken, Boone's claim was established. G. Graham was presented with the chip after the trial, and it is now on exhibition at the fair.

THE MARBLE MAIDEN;

OR,

The Sculptor of Florence.

By Ernest Trevor.

CHAPTER I.

THE golden day was dying in Florence, as Guido, a young sculptor, stood before the statue of a beautiful girl on which he had just bestowed the finishing touches of his skill. An enthusiastic admirer of the divine art, his delight, as he now gazed on his masterpiece, was transformed into an absorbing passion. It was his ideal of female loveliness, and it appeared as though he had hitherto neglected the living beauties of his native city that he might throw his heart away upon an insensible statue. Never before had he felt such ineffable ecstasy as now, when he beheld the triumph of his skill complete before him. It was the crowning hour of his life. It had grown by slow degrees from a mere mass of stone into its present bewitching shape; every day as he worked it had caught some new charm, until now the young sculptor felt that, familiar as he was with all that was exquisitely lovely, either in the breathing or inanimate world, it held nothing comparable with this the inspired work of his own hands.

His admiration grew so intense that it became an overpowering infatuation, and as he now gazed upon the beautiful figure, he mournfully regretted that it was but stone after all.

"Oh! that I, having given form to that beautiful creature, could also give it life!" This burst from his lips in a moment of uncontrollable love and sorrow, and overwhelmed with his emotions his head dropped on his breast. As he raised his eyes to gaze once more upon the matchless statue, the sunset's crimson light threw its full flush upon its face, which he, excited to almost a frenzy, fancied smiled lovingly upon him.

Sinking on his knees before a picture of the Holy Virgin, he cried:

"Blessed and Immaculate Virgin, give life to this beautiful statue, and I will henceforth devote myself to thy holy service."

After remaining absorbed in this delicious mood for some time, he slowly rose, and fixed his adoring gaze upon the marble maiden. What was his rapturous surprise when he saw, as the purple flush of sunset died away upon it, that its face assumed the glow of life, and that her lips moved—her eyes returned his glance. So oppressive was his delight that his eyes drooped, and then he saw a tide of sensation throb through the hitherto inanimate statue—it had quickened into life—he heard a deep musical sigh, he saw her bosom heave, and then, as though overpowered by the light, she raised her hand to shade her eyes from the glare of day. Never since Adam saw Eve in Eden had mortal man felt what Guido felt then.

But who can paint his surprise when he beheld the marble maiden, after glancing around her, step from her pedestal, and, without looking at him, walk with the grace of a Hebe around his studio? His first thought was that he was in some exquisite dream, but the evidences of his senses convinced him that he was under no delusion. He was awake, and in his studio; the daylight was slowly fading, but all was clear. He saw his prized sculptures, there was his cast of the Laocoon, there his beautiful copy of the Medician Venus, the Antinous of the Capitol, and there his Apollo de Belvedere. No, all was palpable. Although treading in clouds of golden ether, he was awake—the Holy Virgin had granted his prayer. His marble maiden was endowed with life.

Strange sight was it to see the now living statue pacing gently round the spacious apartment, which was adorned with the most exquisite works of art, and looking on them with a childlike wonder, while he, her creator, with clasped hands and speechless ecstasy, trod step by step after her like a loving shadow. When she walked, so did he; when she stopped, he stopped also; sometimes she paused so suddenly that he almost touched her. To his infinite delight he noticed that when she approached anything he specially prized she remained gazing on it, as though she had inherited his tastes. But when she came to the famous Apollo and paused in admiration before it a jealous pang shot through his heart, and he said in thoughts, "Holy Virgin, preserve her from loving a statue! Preserve her from my fate." After gazing upon it, she went close to the statue and touched it. She recoiled—paused—and walked on. Guido's relief of mind was so great that he drew a deep sigh.

The sound aroused her—she stopped—turned round, and for the first time she confronted her creator. Their eyes met; hers dilated with a strange joy; she smiled, put forth her hand, to meet his, which instinctively offered itself. They touched—the bliss was too much—his sight swam, and he would have fallen had not the marble maiden clasped his hand, and sustained him. By a strong mental effort he overcame the sensation of swooning, and with hand clasped in hand they stood gazing at each other. After a pause he spoke, but she only smiled sweetly, and fixed her eyes so intensely and lovingly upon him, that language has no power to tell his joy. Leading her to a couch he seated himself beside her, and then they sat there, looking at each other in a state of silent ecstasy. In this trance of enjoyment they remained till the midnight bell tolled. The beautiful creature gave a deep shudder, as though a mighty chill had fallen upon her, and with a rapid but somewhat tottering step she reached her pedestal, and stiffened into marble. Overwhelmed with this terrible calamity, Guido sat immovable until the dawn, when his wearied and overtasked senses found a temporary refuge in sleep.

When he awoke the glorious day was full over Florence; he endeavored to persuade himself that he had been dreaming, but his sense of consciousness was too strong for that. Rising from

he couch upon which he had remained stupored with despair the entire night, he advanced to the alcove in which his idolized statue was placed, and gazed fondly upon it. There it stood cold and immovable. With considerable effort to convince himself he put forth his hand. He touched it. It was nothing but marble. He threw himself once more upon his couch; he must have been in a delirious vision. But vision as he had now believed it to have been, it was sweeter than any reality, and he lived over again in a delicious reverie the visionary interview with his marble maiden.

In this dreamy elysium he remained till the bell announced midday, when the same rush of life coursed through the inanimate statue; with a pleasant smile she stepped from the pedestal, and advancing to where Guido sat in breathless excitement, took her seat beside him, and taking his hand in her own, gazed into his eyes with inexpressible tenderness. Another day of joy was passed.

There they were, side by side, communing, for although she had no words for his fond ears, her eyes told more than any language could, and the world had never held a happier man than Guido. As midnight approached a presentiment of sadness fell upon him, and he awaited the sound of the bell with feverish anxiety. As the first stroke clanged the beautiful maiden shuddered and arose as before, and moving to the pedestal on which she had been formed, stepped upon it. Ere the last sound died away she was the dead and rigid marble.

The blow this time, however, fell lighter on her lover than before, for he lived in the hope that noon would once more re-animate her. His impatience as that hour approached may be imagined, and as the clock announced the noon she stepped from her stony root. Like a beautiful flower suddenly gifted with life, and walking to where he stood, placed her head on his bosom.

Thus days rolled on; from noon to midnight he sat as though entranced with the mysterious being, the creature of his own hands. Still, in the midst of his most rapturous moments, there was a haunting sadness which prophesied woe. Nothing of the kind, however, seemed to lurk in the breast of the marble maiden, for her eyes were perpetual fountains of smiles.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY one morning the duke, who had long been a most generous patron of Guido, sent an attendant to announce his approach. The sculptor prepared for the royal visit, and moved his treasured statue into an alcove, which was concealed by velvet curtains. When the duke arrived Guido showed him all his models and works, excepting his marble maiden. As his visitor was about to depart the midday bell sounded, and, to the dismay of Guido, the purple curtains were drawn aside by the beautiful statue, who stepped smilingly into his studio.

Charmed by her loveliness, the duke gave one long and admiring gaze, and bowing to the maiden, pressed Guido's hand and took his leave.

That day and night the duke thought of nothing but the beautiful creature he had seen, and unable to struggle with his passion any longer, he sent the next morning for the sculptor. After some desultory conversation the duke suddenly said, as though it required an effort to speak it:

"Pray, Guido, who was that fair creature I saw in your studio yesterday? Your wife?"

With an embarrassed air the artist replied:

"No, sire."

"I comprehend," returned the duke, with a meaning smile; "she is your mistress."

The sculptor blushed and faltered:

"No, sire."

The duke's face brightened as he said:

"She must be your sister, then?"

"Yes, sire," stammered Guido, hardly knowing what he uttered.

With a delighted air his patron took the sculptor's hand and said:

"My dear Guido, I will make your sister the proudest lady in all Florence. She shall be my wife; and I will put a crown upon the only brow I have seen worthy to rule over my beautiful Tuscan."

He then commanded Guido to repair to his home and announce to his supposed sister that early next morning the duke would come with a gallant escort to convey her to the cathedral, where their nuptials should be solemnized with a splendor becoming her beauty and his state.

Dumb with despair, the wretched artist reeled to his home.

Early next morning the duke, accompanied by his principal nobles, repaired to the house of the sculptor, whom he found in the deepest despondency.

Surprised at his haggard appearance, the kind-hearted prince asked what ailed him and where his sister was.

"Alas, sire, that is the cause of my grief; I know not where my sister is. When I returned home yesterday I discovered that she had fled, whither I know not. Oh, sire," continued the sculptor, "would that I were in my grave!"

The duke's astonishment was great, while his sorrow equalled that of the bereaved brother.

"Have you searched for her everywhere?" inquired the disconsolate lover.

As he said this he threw aside the curtains of the alcove. He there saw the beautiful statue. Uttering an exclamation of surprise, he gazed upon it, affected even to tears.

"How like the peerless maiden I had hoped to have made my bride!" cried the duke. "My dear Guido—I need not ask you—but this, of course, is modelled from your sister?"

"It is, sire," said the sculptor.

"Then, Guido," said his patron, "I must beg of you to let me have it. I will make you the richest man in the city. This will I ever keep in remembrance of her."

It was in vain that the sculptor objected. He

offered to make the duke a copy, but nothing would satisfy the mourning lover, and he commanded his attendants to convey the marble image straightway to the royal palace.

Taking from his person a chain of gold, to which was suspended a cross of diamonds of immense value, he threw it around the neck of the bewildered Guido, and bidding him come to the palace to concert measures for the recovery of the missing lady, he departed, taking with him the statue. As they left the studio, the miserable sculptor sank on his couch in the deepest despair.

When the duke reached his palace he commanded his attendants to place the statue in his own cabinet, while he went to council, in the vain hope of dispelling his private sorrows with the cares of state.

It was near midnight when he regained his own apartments. With a heavy sigh he immediately went to look at the marble resemblance of his intended bride. Upon entering his cabinet, to his unspeakable astonishment, it was gone. The pedestal was there, but the statue had disappeared. As he turned to summon his secretary he saw, to his horror, the marble figure approaching him.

"What sorcery is this? The holy saints protect me!" cried the duke, as he fell senseless to the ground.

At that instant the midnight bell sounded, and the maiden, without noticing the prostrate form of the duke, stepped on her pedestal and was once more insensible stone.

The cry of the duke had aroused the household, and his attendants, entering, found their monarch senseless on the floor.

They speedily bore him to his couch, and sent for the most eminent physicians of the city. When he came to himself those around him were astonished at his incoherent speeches.

"Where is my beautiful statue? I saw it walk to me—tell her to come to me—where is my living marble maiden?"

They naturally concluded that he was insane, and the report of his madness spread like wildfire through Florence.

When the sculptor heard what the duke had said he was seized with a mortal terror, and, rushing to the palace, he snatched a battleaxe from one of the guards, and going to the marble figure, dashed it into a thousand pieces.

The effort awoke him; he had fallen asleep before his great work. But, alas! to his intense grief, the remains of his cherished statue were strewn around his studio. He had broken it in his dream!

Overwhelmed with sorrow, he sought his couch. But that very night the marble maiden appeared to him in a vision as an angel, and said:

"Guido, rejoice that thy guardian saint has saved thy soul from being enslaved by an image of thine own creation; for what thy fancy conceived in its dreaming mood thou mightest have carried out in thy waking hours, and thus have perilled thy immortal soul."

WINTER SPORTS AT NEW YORK AND ST. LOUIS.

THOSE who delight in winter sports had a short carnival at New York. For a few days the Central Park afforded splendid sleighing and fine skating. Thousands, knowing how uncertain the duration of such favors is, availed themselves of the moment. Sleighs of every form and variety glided over the crisp crackling snow; the splendid equipage of the more wealthy or pretentious; the modest vehicle of the more quiet citizen; the clumsy sled of the proletarian, differing from each other no less than the steeds, all gave animation and variety to the Park, as they glided through its serpentine roads, ever and anon passing the lakes where gentlemen and ladies were skating, often in such numbers as to make the greatest skill necessary to avoid mishaps.

At St. Louis the Mississippi is frozen over, and the *Democrat* thus describes the scenes on the river which we portray:

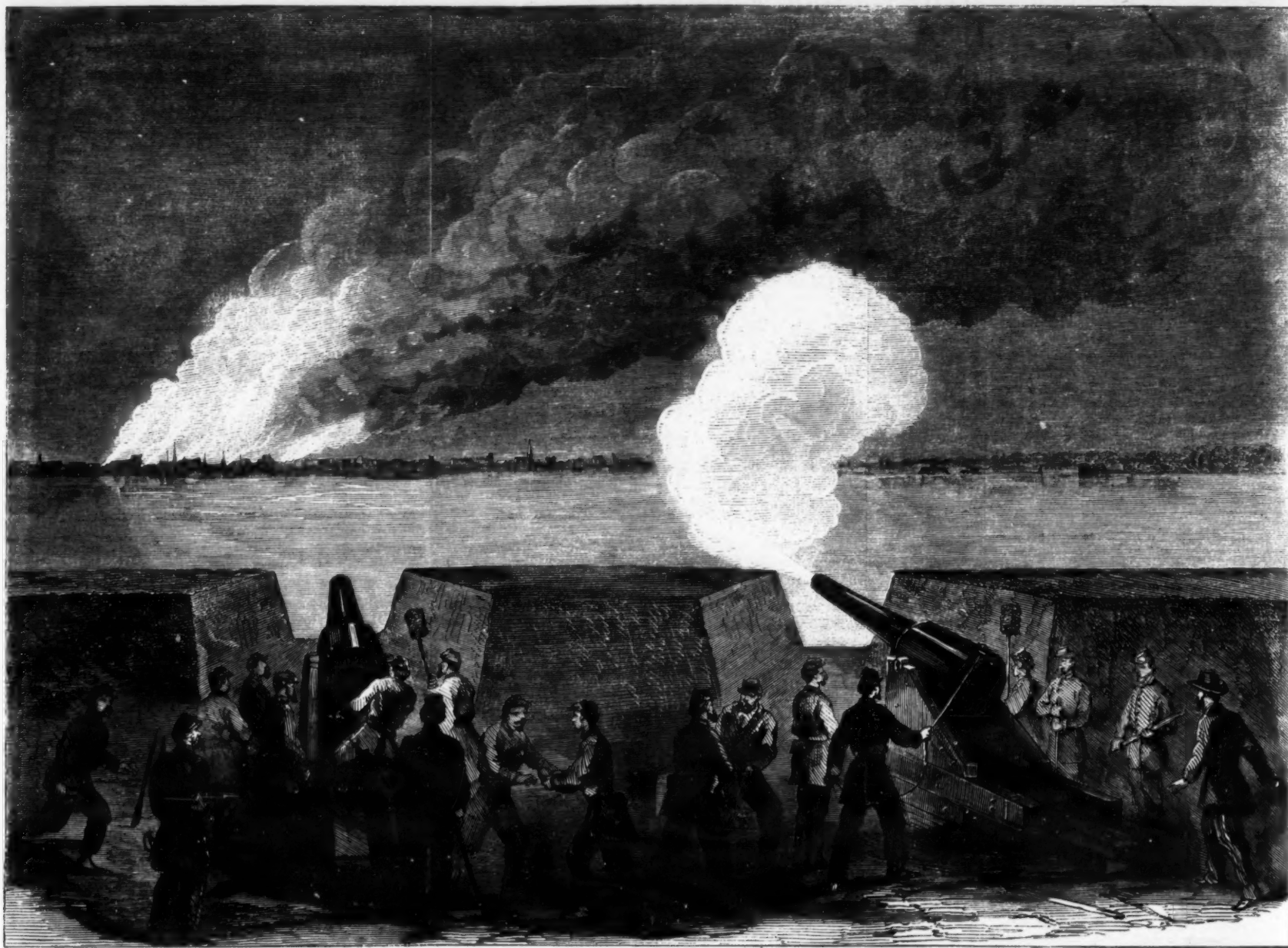
"The icy floor which that skilful joiner, Jack Frost, has laid down on the surface of the Father of Waters, has become the temporary habitation of quite a number of persons, who ply their various vocations in tents and shanties erected opposite the city. On the Vine street road, as it is called, a small village has sprung up. One of the houses on this road has for a sign 'Lindell Hotel on the Ice,' and others have high-sounding names to attract the attention of passers by. These houses on the ice are extensive, and some of them, not having the fear of Gen. Fisk before their eyes, have opened gambling halls, where 'chuckaluck,' 'three card monte,' and other games are played."

"The river was alive with skaters, and many persons crossed over to view the romantic scenery of Bloody Island, the dyke and Illinois town. Load-wagons were crossing in safety, and large quantities of ice were being carted away."

WE call attention to the advertisement of the "Rural" in this paper, and especially to the new feature—a Department devoted to Sheep Husbandry by Hon. Henry S. Randall.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN PERU.—We have received from Mr. Richardson, of Lima, Peru, some photographs which are the most exquisite specimens of art we have seen for some time. They have a delicacy, minuteness, clearness and perspective about them which leave nothing to be desired. He is equally excellent in portraits and buildings, as our readers may judge from the portrait of our friend, the Hon. E. G. Squier, the distinguished antiquarian and United States Commissioner in Peru, and which will appear in our next paper. We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Richardson for his promptitude and kindness in sending these most valuable photographs on to us.

STORY OF A FIELDMOUSE.—A singular instance of the foresight of a fieldmouse was lately brought under our cognizance. A person clearing a garden ground of Mr. Thompson, Dalketh, Scotland, came upon a growing turnip, which he pulled up by the root. Guess his astonishment when he found that the turnip was completely hollowed out, as neatly as if it had been done by the chisel of a joiner, and the interior filled with large garden beans. The work, from the size of the hole whence the inside of the turnip had been extracted, was manifestly that of a mouse, and the object, no doubt, of filling the interior with beans was to provide against hunger in the barren winter weather. Near the place where the turnip was growing there were several stalks of beans, upon which some pods had been left, and it is supposed that the cute mouse had helped itself to these. The beans in the turnip (a small one) were counted, and it was found they amounted to no less than six dozen and two.



SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE DOOMED CITY FIRED BY GILLMORE'S EXPLOSIVE SHELLS FROM FORT PUTNAM, JAN. 3.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

NEGRO FESTIVITIES AT VICKSBURG.

THE negroes preserve all their African fondness for music and dancing, and in the modified form which they have assumed here have given rise to negro dances and melodists in our theatres, a form of amusement which has enriched many. But the colored people should be seen in one of their own balls to enjoy the reality. The character of the music and the dance; the strange gradation of colors, from the sooty black of the pure breed to

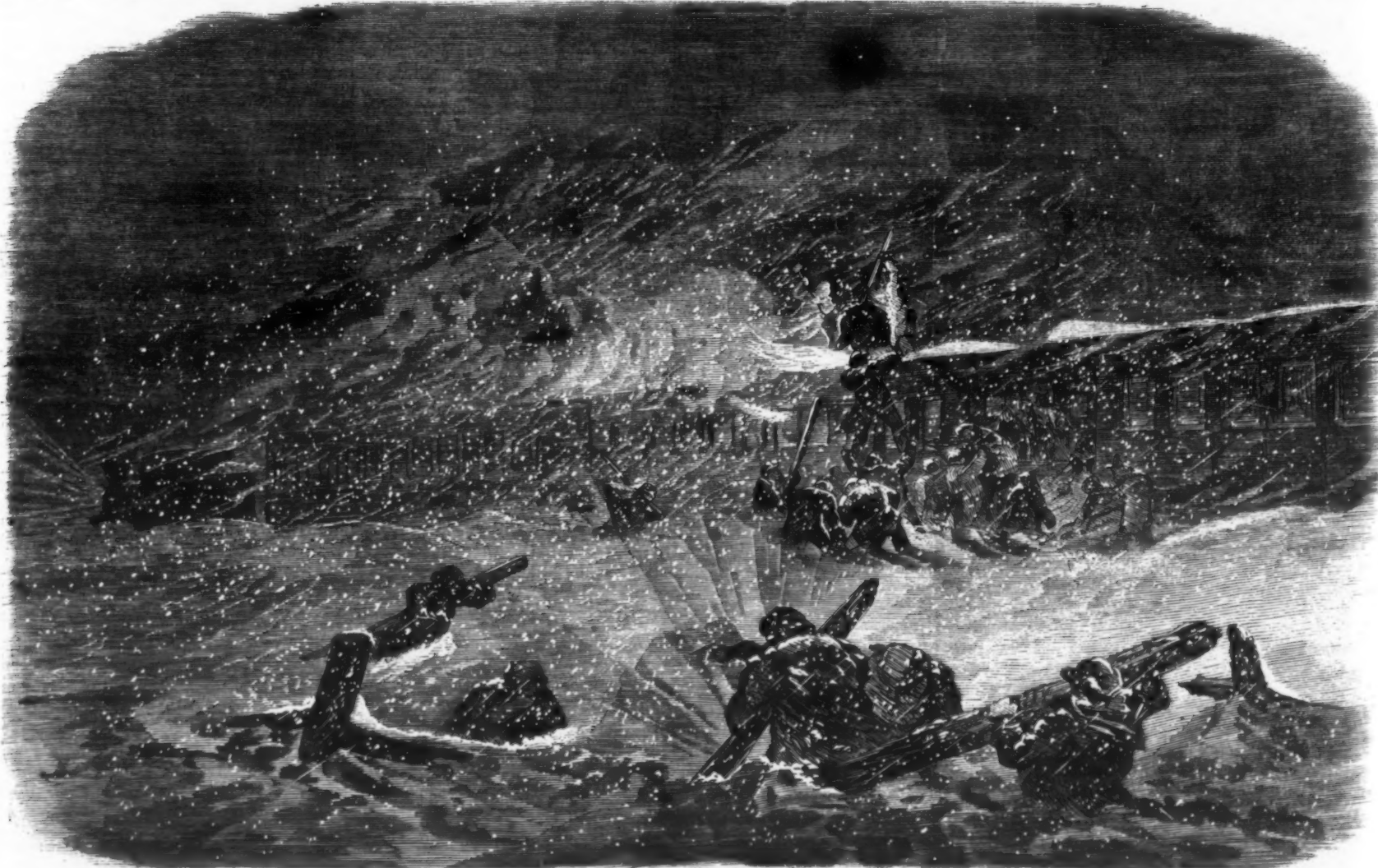
those creatures, fair and beautiful, whose position among their darker brethren shows the brutal cruelty of their male ancestors for generations, who begot them to degrade them, and who have thus for years been putting white blood into slavery. There is in these negro balls one thing which cannot fail to impress any observer. Coming as they all do from a degraded and oppressed class, they assume nevertheless in their intercourse with each other, as far as they can, the manners and language of the best classes in society. There is often a grotesque exaggeration,

indeed; but there is an appreciation of refinement and an endeavor to attain it which we seldom see in the same class of whites.

BOMBARDMENT OF CHARLESTON ON JAN. 3.

On Sunday, Jan. 3, Gen. Gillmore broke the stillness by hurling into the city of Charleston 20 shells loaded with Greek fire, and prepared by Col.

Bell, as to avoid their too sudden explosion this operation was highly successful, the shells all bursting in the city at the desired moment, and the result was a fire in the southern part of the city. All the lower part of Charleston is now deserted, the warehouses emptied and closed, hotels abandoned, none but the wretched poor, unable to escape, linger in the streets. The boasting city lies at the mercy of Gen. Gillmore, and the science of Beauregard has drawn invincible lines of fortifications around a heap of ruins and ashes.



THE GREAT SNOWSTORM ON THE PRAIRIES—SUFFERINGS OF THE PASSENGERS ON THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD, NEAR CALUMET, ON THE 1ST OF JANUARY.—FROM A SKETCH BY A PASSENGER.

The \$5,000 Prize Tale.

We commence in this number the magnificent novel by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, to which the umpires awarded the prize of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, offered last year by the proprietor of this paper for the best American novel. The public mind has been excited with curiosity to read this thrilling and exciting romance, and our readers will find it surpasses the most sanguine expectations.

Mrs. Stephens stands in the very foremost rank of American novelists. Her novel, "Fashion and Famine," met with a sale altogether unparalleled in a pure work of fiction. Although "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by its appealing to excited political feelings, obtained an immense circulation, it scarcely surpassed that which Mrs. Stephens obtained for her "Fashion and Famine," which had no adventitious aid to circulation.

"The Gulf Between Them" is in no way inferior to her former great novel. By rare delineation of character, in rapid action, thrilling incident, and sustained interest, it will fascinate every reader, and it will afford our readers the greater pleasure from the fact that it is a novel of our day and country.

This work of singular beauty was formally transferred to us on the 16th of December, as appears from the following:

NEW YORK, Dec. 16, 1863.

DEAR SIR:—Your note, announcing that my story has drawn the prize offered in your Illustrated Paper, has, you may well suppose, given me great pleasure.

With many thanks for your prompt action in the premises, and a sincere desire that you may find as much benefit from the story as your munificence and extraordinary spirit of enterprise has conferred on me, I inclose a receipt for the money, and remain,

Your obliged Friend,

ANN S. STEPHENS.

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16, 1863.

Received of FRANK LESLIE Five Thousand Dollars, in payment of a prize awarded to my story, entitled "THE GULF BETWEEN THEM," which he is hereby authorized to publish in his Illustrated Paper.

ANN S. STEPHENS.



Elsie and Mr. North.

THE GULF BETWEEN THEM.

BY
MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

DEDICATION.

With a heart full of personal memories of the dear old time when we learned to love each other so devotedly, I dedicate this novel to my friend of friends, Mrs. Leslie Casneau, of St. Domingo.

ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

Music in the Central Park—such music as made the flowering thicket, covered with late May blossoms, thrill in the soft air and glow out more richly from the sweet disturbance. It was a glorious afternoon, the lawns were as green as an English meadow, and my observations of beautiful things has no higher comparison. All the irregular hills, ravines, and rocky projections were broken up with trailing vines and sweet masses of spring-flowers, that every corner and nook your eye turned upon was like a glimpse of paradise.

This was the still life of the scene, but above and beyond was congregated that active, cheerful bustle which springs out of a great multitude bent on enjoyment—cheerful, luxurious, refined, or otherwise, as humanity is always found. Carriages dashed in and out of the crowd, the inmates listening to the music or chatting together in subdued voices: groups of smiling pedestrians wandered through the labyrinths of blooming thickets, or sat tranquilly on rustic seats sheltered by such forest trees as art had spared to nature. The whole scene was one of brilliant confusion; but out of the constantly shifting groups, forms so lovely that you longed to gaze on them forever were now and then given to the beholder; and equipages vied with each other that might have graced the royal parks of London or Paris without fear of criticism.

Just as the sun began to turn its silver gleams into gold, the music ceased with a grand crash. The final melody was over, and the swarm of carriages broke up, whirled off in different directions, and began to

course about the ring again, or drive through the various outlets towards Harlem, Bloomingdale, or the city, which lay in the soft gathering haze of the distance.

Among the stylish equipages that disentangled themselves from the crowd was a light barouche, cushioned with that rich shade of drab which has a pink flush running through it, and drawn by a pair of jet-black horses. The carriage was so perfect in its proportions and so exquisitely neat in its appointments, that it would have been an object of general admiration during the whole concert, had not its inmates carried off public attention before it had time to settle on the vehicle.

The eldest, a woman of thirty-two or three, elegantly dressed and generally recognized, seemed to be the mistress, for it was her gloved hand which gave the signal for moving, and the coachman always looked to her for directions.

A slight gesture indicated home, the moment she saw her equipage free from the crowd, but the lovely young creature on the front seat uttered a merry protest and gave a laughing counter-order, threatening the elder lady with her half-closed parasol, till the point lace which covered it fluttered like the fringed leaves of a great pink-hearted poppy.

"Only a short drive," she said; "you can't want to go into the house, dear Mrs. Harrington, such a heavenly day as this."

"But, my love, I have forty things to do!"

"All the more reason why you should neglect every one of them, since it is not possible for you to do them all," replied the young girl, with a laugh and a pretty wilful air that few people could have resisted. "Elizabeth, are you tired?"

The young lady whom she addressed had been leaning back in her seat by Mrs. Harrington, quite regardless of their laughing contention, looking straight before her in a smiling, dreamy way, which proved that the brightness of the day and the spell of the music had wiled her into some deep and pleasant train of thought.

Her friend spoke twice before she heard, laughing gayly at her abstraction, and Mrs. Harrington added—

"Do come out of dreamland, dear Miss Fuller; I am sure I cannot manage this wilful little thing without your help."

The young girl shook her parasol again in a pretty threatening way as she said—

"You are not tired, Elizabeth?"

"Tired! Oh no; it is very pleasant," she replied, in a voice that was low and musical with the sweetness of her broken reverie.

"See, you are in the minority, Mrs. Harrington," cried Elsie Mellen. "You had better submit with a good grace."

"Oh, I knew Elizabeth dared not side against you; she spoils you worse than anybody, worse even than your brother."

"But it's so nice to be spoiled," said Elsie, gayly; "and you must help in it, or I shall do something dreadful to you just here before everybody's eyes."

She clenched her hand playfully, as if to carry her threat into instant execution, and Mrs. Harrington cried out—

"I promise! I promise! James, take another turn."

The man turned his horses with a broad sweep, taking the road around the largest lake. Here the spoiled beauty ordered him to stop. She wanted to look at the swans, "such great, white, lovely drifting snowballs as they were." Mrs. Harrington made no objection, but leaned back with a resigned smile on her lips.

A person possessed of far more imagination than

Elsie Mellen ever dreamed of, might have stopped on the very road to paradise to gaze on that pretty, Arcadian scene.

The lake was one glow of silver, broken up in long, glittering swaths by troops of swans that sailed over it with leisurely gracefulness, now pausing to crop the short grass from the sloping banks, or ruffling their short white plumage, and stretching their arched necks for payments of fruit whenever they came near a group of children, or saw a rustic from the country, who was sure to delight in seeing the birds feed.

The sunshine came slanting in from the west, cooling half the Park with shadows, and lighting the rest with gleams of pure gold. The paths around the margin of the lake and all the sloping banks were alive with gayly dressed people, and a single boat, over which a flock of gay parasols hovered like tame birds, mirrored itself in the water.

"Now see what you have gained by obeying my orders," exclaimed Elsie, casting her merry eyes over the scene. "I declare the swans look like a fleet of fairy boats. How I would like to sail about on one! There, that will do; James, drive on."

"Home?" inquired the man.

Before his mistress could answer, Elsie broke in— "Yes, Mrs. Harrington, since you are properly submissive, we will go home, if you wish."

"Oh, I only proposed it because we have so much to do. I should enjoy a longer drive. Indeed, now that you have suggested it, we will take at least one turn."

"That's a darling," cried Elsie; and, without further ceremony, she ordered the coachman to take the Bloomingdale-road, laughing out something about dying for old sheep instead of lambs. "But I want to stop at Maillards," protested Mrs. Harrington, "and I then must see about—"

"Oh, never mind, we shall have time enough," exclaimed Elsie. "Drive like the wind, James, the moment you get beyond these horrid policemen. I wouldn't have anybody pass us for the world."

The coachman obeyed, and directly those two black horses were dashing along the road in splendid style, leaving care and prudence far behind them.

Elsie was in her element, wild as a bird and gay as the sunset. She talked and laughed incessantly, saying all sorts of merry things in a childish fashion, that kept Mrs. Harrington in explosions of laughter, more natural than she often indulged in, while Elizabeth Fuller leaned back in her seat, listening, absently sometimes, to their graceful banter, glancing at the young girl with affectionate admiration of her youthful loveliness, but oftener losing herself in the pleasant train of thought which had absorbed her all the afternoon.

Three persons more unlike in appearance than these ladies, it would have been difficult to find, but a casual observer would probably have been most attracted by the buoyant loveliness of Elsie Mellen.

She was only seventeen, looking even younger with her fair curls, her brilliant bloom, and the childish rapidity with which smiles chased each other across her face. She looked the very personification of happiness, with a bewitching naivete in every word or movement, that made her very childishness more captivating than the manners of older and more sensible women.

Mrs. Harrington was a stylish, dashing widow, with a suspicion of rouge on her somewhat faded cheeks, and an affectation of fashionable listlessness which a look of real amiability somewhat belied.

She was one of those frivolous, good-natured women, who go through life without ever being moved by an actual pleasure or pain, so engrossed in their petty round of amusement, that if they had originally faculties capable of development into something better, no warning of it ever touches their souls.

It was not easy to form an opinion concerning the young lady by her side—indeed, even where her personal appearance was concerned, a stranger would scarcely have been able to decide whether she was beautiful or not.

She was three years Elsie's senior, looking somewhat older than that when her face was in repose, from its grave, almost serious expression. The large gray eyes looked out almost coldly from under thin, straight, black brows; the dark hair was banded smoothly away from a forehead that betokened intellectual strength; the mouth was a little compressed, giving token of the reticence and self-repose of her nature, and a classical correctness of profile added to the quiet gravity of her countenance.

But it was quite another face when deep feeling kindled the gray eyes into sudden splendor, or some merry thought softened the mouth into a smile—then she looked almost as girlish as Elsie herself, and one could but wonder at having ever called her cold, or doubted if she were really beautiful.

But grave or smiling, it was not a face easy to read, nor was her character more facile of comprehension, even to those who knew her best and loved her most.

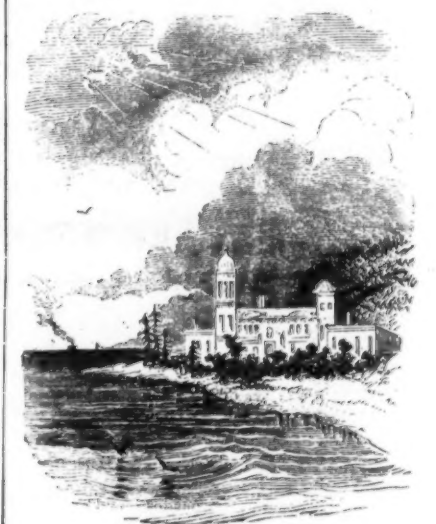
She looked very stately and queenlike, wrapped in her ample shawl and leaning back in her seat, with a quiet grace which Mrs. Harrington tried to copy; but the effort was quite useless, and only made the ambitious little woman appear more fussy and affected than ever.

"Here comes Tom Fuller," cried Elsie, suddenly. "Was there ever such an ungraceful rider! Just look at him, Bessie, and laugh, if he is your cousin. I insist upon it!"

"Oh, I think he's such a love!" cried Mrs. Harrington. "Deliciously odd."

"I'll tell him you said that," cried Elsie; "he'll blush like a great Scotch school-girl."

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed the widow, clasping her



Grantley Mellen's Villa.

hands as if she thought Elsie was about to stop the carriage and inform him then and there. "What would he think?"

The young man at whom Elsie was laughing quite unrestrainedly, rode rapidly towards them, and when he saw who the carriage contained, his face glowed with a mingled expression of pleasure and embarrassment that made Elsie laugh harder than ever.

He made a bow almost to the saddle, nearly lost his hat, and did not recover his presence of mind until the carriage had dashed on, and he was left far behind to grumble at his own stupidity.

"It is too bad of you to laugh so at him," said Elizabeth Fuller, a little reproachfully.

"Why, darling, he likes it," cried Elsie, "and it does him good."

"I am sure his devotion to you is plain enough," said Mrs. Harrington, with a sentimental shake of the head. "Hearts are too rare in this world to be treated so carelessly."

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Elsie. "You'll be repeating poetry next! Tom is a nice man, just a great awkward lump of goodness; but I must laugh at him. Dear me, what a groomsman he will make! Bessie, I know he will step on my dress."

"I hope so," Elizabeth replied, good-naturedly; "I shall consider you served quite right."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Harrington, roused to a fear she was fully capable of appreciating, "it would be such a pity to have all that beautiful Brussels point torn—do caution him, my dear."

"No," said Elsie, with mock resignation, "Bessie insists upon having him for groomsman, and I shall let him put his foot through my flounces with perfect equanimity, by way of showing my affection for her. Talking of giving your life for your friends, what is that in comparison to giving your flounces?"

Her companions both laughed, but Elizabeth said seriously, "When you know Tom better, you cannot help respecting him; he is my one relative, and I love him dearly."

"Of course," said Elsie, "and I mean to be his cousin, too; but it is my cousinly privilege to laugh at him."

"Perhaps he will not be content with a cousinly regard," said Mrs. Harrington, mysteriously.

Elizabeth glanced quickly at Elsie, with a little



Caleb writing the invitations.

trouble in her face, but the girl laughed, and replied—

"Oh yes, he will; Bessie is his ideal—he will never think of your little me."

"Family affection is so sweet!" added Mrs. Harrington. Elsie made a grimace, and hastened to change the conversation, for there was nothing she dreaded so much as the widow's attempt at romance and sentiment.

"These horses seem perfectly broken," she said. "Brother Grant needn't have been doubtful about them; he sha'n't persuade you to change them, shall he?"

"They are beautiful creatures," Bessie observed, absently.

"Naturally Mr. Mellen was anxious that they should be entirely safe," said Mrs. Harrington, theatrically, "for he has trusted his dearest treasures—his sister and his betrothed wife—to me; and if there is danger, it is for them as well as me."

"What a pretty speech!" said Elsie. "I know you got it out of a novel!"

She had a gay scarf wound about her neck, and began complaining of the warmth.

"I would not take it off," Mrs. Harrington urged, "you will be certain to get cold."

"There is no danger," replied Elsie; "I shall mother, wrapped up in this way."

"But you must keep it on!"

"Indeed, I won't; there!"

They had a playful contention for an instant, then Elsie snatched the scarf from her neck with a triumphant laugh, and held it up beyond Mrs. Harrington's reach.

A sudden rush of wind carried the light fabric out of her hand, and it floated away like a gorgeous streamer. Elsie gave a little cry, but it was frozen on her lips. One of the horses had been reined down from the first. The scarf floated over his head, curved downward, and one end got entangled with the bridle. The shy, spirited creature gave a wild bound, communicated like terror to his companion, and away the favorite pair dashed, taking the coachman so completely by surprise, that he was helpless as a child. It was one of those brief occurrences which pass like lightning to lookers-on, but which seem an eternity to the persons in danger. Mrs. Harrington's shrieks rang out on the air; Elsie gave one shuddering moan, and crouched down in the bottom of the carriage, hiding her face in Elizabeth's dress.

Elizabeth Fuller was deathly pale. She realized the full terror of their situation. She uttered no shriek, but clasped her arms around Elsie, and strove to speak a few reassuring words to Mrs. Harrington, which were drowned by the woman's terrified shrieks.

Elizabeth looked desperately down the road over which the horses were rushing like wild desert steeds. The carriages in sight were turned quickly on one side, and their inmates seemed uncertain how to assist them. Any attempt to stop the frightened and infuriated animals threatened certain death.

Elizabeth saw this, and her heart died within her. They were now at the top of a long hill, keeping the road, but hurried onward like lightning. At the foot of the hill was a loaded cart, its driver vainly striving to whip his team out of the way. The brave girl saw this new danger, and fell back with a groan. She knew that the carriage would be whirled against that ponderous load, and dashed to atoms. Effort was hopeless, she could only stretch forth her arms upon Elsie, close, close to her cold heart, and pray dumbly that she might be in mercy permitted to die for his sister.

Still, in her anguish and terror, she looked out beyond the leaping horses, as they thundered down the hill. The man had sprung from his cart, and, with his whip in both hands, was lashing his over-taken beasts in frantic terror. Beyond him came a person on horseback, riding furiously. But they were close to the cart now. It was still more than half across the road. Sick with dread, she closed her eyes, holding Elsie close, and turning, as it were, to stone, with the shrieking young coward in her arms.

In another instant there was a shock which threw them all off their seats; and when Elizabeth could realize any thing, or recover from the deafening effect of Mrs. Harrington's cries, she knew that the horses had been stopped—the peril was over.

The gentleman who had discovered through blinding clouds of dust, riding swiftly towards the hill, had seen their danger, dismounted, and with ready presence of mind, prepared to seize the horses the instant the carriage struck against the cart.

One wheel was forced partially off, but there was no other harm done. Elsie and Mrs. Harrington had both flung themselves on Elizabeth, so that she could neither see nor hear; but the widow discovering that she was still alive, made a little moan, and began to shake out her frounces when she saw the gentleman who had rescued them standing by the side of the carriage.

"You are safe, ladies," he said, opening the door; "you had better get out and walk on to the hotel—it is only a few steps."

"How can we ever thank you?" sobbed Mrs. Harrington. "You are our preserver—we owe you our lives!"

He smiled a little at her exaggerated manner, which would break out in spite of her real terror, and helped her to alight from the carriage.

"We are saved," moaned Elsie, lifting her form from Elizabeth's bosom. "I'm not hurt—I'm not hurt!"

She sprang out of the carriage and stood trembling by Mrs. Harrington. For the first time, relieved of their weight, Elizabeth was able to move and look up.

The stranger was standing by the carriage with his arm extended to assist her. She partially rose—

looked in his face—then, without the slightest warning, beyond a deep, shuddering breath, sank back insensible.

Elsie and Mrs. Harrington gave a simultaneous cry, but there was no opportunity for the widow to go into hysterics, as she had intended, since the stranger and the footman were fully occupied in lifting Elizabeth from the broken carriage. Elsie was crying wildly, "Bessie! Bessie!" and wringing her hands in real affliction.

"She has only fainted," said the stranger hurriedly; "we will carry her on to the hotel."

He raised the insensible creature in his arms, and carried her down towards the inn, as if she had been a child; while her companions followed, sobbing off their terror as they went.

Once in the house, and the stranger out of the way, Mrs. Harrington recovered her wits sufficiently to give Elizabeth assistance, and restore her to consciousness.

She opened her eyes, gave one glance around, and closed them again.

"Are you hurt?" cried Elsie.

She shook her head.

"What made you faint?" demanded Mrs. Harrington. "The danger was over."

Elizabeth made a strong effort at self-control, sat upright, and tried to answer.

"I can't tell—I—"

"Do you know that gentleman?" asked Mrs. Harrington.

"Why, how can she?" said Elsie.

"Well, she fainted just as she looked at him."

Elizabeth controlled herself, found strength to rise, saying in reply to Mrs. Harrington's repeated inquiries—

"How should I know him?—what folly!"

But she was trembling so violently still, that they forced her to lie down again.

"Stay with her, Elsie," said the widow, "and I will go and see how we are to get home."

She went out of the room, and in the hall encountered the gentleman just as she had expected.

She overwhelmed him with protestations of gratitude, to which he listened with no great appearance of interest, though Mrs. Harrington was too completely dazzled by his brilliant appearance and manner to perceive the absent, preoccupied way in which he received her.

"I don't know how we are to get home," she said.

"Your coachman has engaged a carriage from the hotel-keeper," he replied; "it will be ready in a few moments. Your own horses are not hurt, luckily."

"I don't know what Mr. Mellen will say!" she exclaimed. "He warned me not to keep the horses."

The stranger turned quickly toward her, with a sudden flush on his face.

"May I know who I have had the pleasure of assisting?" he asked.

"I am Mrs. Harrington," she replied, with a smile, "of — street. I am so—"

"And your friends?"

"Miss Mellen, the sister of Grantley Mellen; and the other lady is his betrothed wife."

"She! That—"

"Yes, yes! Dear me, if any accident had occurred, how terrible it would have been! They are to be married next week," continued the widow, hurriedly. "Mr. Mellen is out of town, and will not be back till just before his wedding. Oh, I shudder to think! Dear, dear sir, how can I thank you!"

The servant came up at that moment to say that a carriage was ready to take them back to the city, and the gentleman escaped from her flood of meaningless gratitude.

Mrs. Harrington ran back to call her friends, and found Elizabeth quite composed and strong again.

"He's the most magnificent creature!" exclaimed the widow. "And you don't know him, Elizabeth?"

"Have I not said so? Come, Elsie."

As she passed into the hall, Elizabeth drew a thick veil over her face, and when the gentleman came forward to assist them, she hurried on, leaving Mrs. Harrington to repeat her thanks, and Elsie to utter a few thankful words, to which he listened with more interest than he had done to all the widow's raptures.

They were in the carriage; the door closed; the stranger gave his parting bow, but Elizabeth only leaned further back in her seat, and they drove on, leaving him standing in the road.

"His name is North," said Mrs. Harrington. "Such an adventure! What will Mr. Mellen say?"

"We won't tell him yet," Elsie replied; "it would only frighten him. Be sure and not mention it, dear Mrs. Harrington."

"Oh, of course not,—just as you like. But what a handsome man that was! North—North! Who can he be?"

"Whoever he is, he has saved our lives," said Elsie.

"Yes, yes! But, dear Miss Fuller, how oddly you acted!"

"Do put up your veil, Bessie," added Elsie.

Elizabeth obeyed, showing her face, pale and shaken still.

"I was very much frightened," she said; "I think my side was hurt a little—that was why I fainted."

She made no other answer to their wonders and questions, and they drove rapidly back to Mrs. Harrington's house.

The stranger stood upon the porch of the hotel, looking after the carriage as long as it was in sight, with a strange, inexplicable expression upon his handsome face.

After a time, he roused himself, mounted his horse, and rode slowly back to the city.

CHAPTER II.

ON the shores of Long Island, where the ocean heaves in its whitest and most crystalline surf, a small cove had broken itself into the slopes of an irregular hill, after generations of beating storms and crumbling past, taking a crescent shape, and forming one of the most picturesque bits of landscape to be found along the coast. The two points or promontories that stretched their green arms to the ocean were clothed with thickly growing white-pines, scattered with hemlocks, and a few grand old oaks. The country sloped beautifully down to this bright sheet of water, and swept around it in rocky points and broken groves, giving glimpses of rich grass-land, more luxuriantly cultivated than is usual to that portion of the island. As you looked on the scene from the water, a house was visible on the sloping hillside, and came in full view as the shore was approached. It was a noble stone mansion, old as the hills, people were used to say, and solid as their foundations. The house had been a stately residence before the revolution, and, without an earthquake or a ton of powder, would remain such for a century to come.

Whatever the body of the house had been in the good old times, when ornament was little thought of, it had been rendered picturesque by lofty towers, and additional wings with oriel windows and carved balconies in one direction; while the other wing clasped in a conservatory, of which nothing could be seen from the distance but wave upon wave of rolling crystal emerald, tinted like ocean waves by the wealth of green plants they covered.

This was the residence of Grantley Mellen, inherited from a maternal uncle just after his first struggle in life commenced. It was backed by many a fruitful field and broad stretch of timber-land, which altogether went under the title of Piney Cove.

Grantley Mellen, since he became possessed of the estate, had completed the work his uncle commenced when he built the two grand towers, and a more picturesque building could not well be imagined, with its broad lawn, its clumps of forest trees, and that magnificent ocean view, which was broken only by the pine groves on the two points.

This was by no means the only house visible from the cove. As you turned the southern point, a village was seen down the coast; and about half way between that and the pines was a wooden house, brown and weather-beaten, standing unsheltered on the bleak shore. Back of this house, shutting out all prospect but that of the ocean, was a tall cliff, covered with ragged yellow pines and stunted cedars, from which on stormy nights many a quivering flame had shot upward, luring ships to their ruin. Still, with this grim protest against the name looming behind it, the lonely old house was called "The Sailor's Safe Anchor," and was known all along the coast as a fishing-lodge and small tavern.

But once within the cove, you saw no sign of habitation save the mansion house and its appurtenances. Grantley Mellen had been some weeks at the cove, renovating and preparing the house for the reception of his bride; for it was understood that he intended henceforth to make it his permanent residence. But the wedding-day was near, and he had gone up to the city, leaving the last preparations to the care of a singular class of household servants, one of his uncle's philanthropic importations from the South, where he had owned a plantation, emancipated all his slaves except a half dozen, that would only accept liberty on condition that they might follow the old man to his northern home.

Grantley had accepted this sable household with the general inheritance, for, spoiled and pampered as family negroes are apt to be, they had proved generally faithful and obedient.

Though a very reverential and submissive person when her master was present, Clorinda, who had appointed herself housekeeper of the establishment, was apt to get on to a very high horse indeed when there was no superior authority to hold her in check; and, on this particular occasion, she was absolutely what she declared herself—"chief cook and bottle-washer."

This sable functionary was very busy two or three mornings before the time set for her master's wedding, not only in the general preparations for that event, but with a grand idea of her own, which she was earnestly carrying into effect. If the house was going into the hands of a new mistress, the colored persons of the establishment would commemorate the event in advance with a grand entertainment.

To this end, Clorinda, who had appointed herself lady patroness in general, had betaken herself to Mr. Mellen's library with Caleb Benson, the high-shouldered, bald-headed occupant of "The Sailor's Safe Anchor," and the person whose prerogative it had been to supply fresh fish to the family at Piney Cove. Besides this, he performed a good deal of work in the grounds, and made himself generally useful.

This morning he had come up to the house at Miss Clorinda's special request, in order to assist in the literary department of the coming entertainment. Neither Clorinda nor any of her dark compeers could read or write, but invitations must be sent out after the most approved fashion; and Clorinda had a fancy that the neighborhood of so many books would be a great help, so she led Caleb with august ceremony into the spacious library, and laid a quantity of pink note-paper and yellow envelopes, all covered and embossed with silver, on the table before him.

"Jes set down, Mr. Caleb, and write dem tings out special," she said, rolling up a great lenthern chair, and patting its glossy green cushions enticingly. "Set down, Caleb, an' write, for I know yer kin."

Caleb laid his cap on one chair, and his stout walking-stick across another. Then he rubbed the hard palms of his hands fiercely together, and sat down on

the edge of the chair, that threatened to roll from under him each moment.

"Now, Miss Clo, what is it you want of me? I'm on hand for a'most any thing."

"I knows you is, and ales wuz, Caleb; that's why I trusted yer wid de delicatest part ob dis entertainment. Member it's premptry to de wedding."

"Preparatory, isn't that the correct word, Miss Clo?"

"Well, prepostatory, if you ain't suited, Caleb Benson."

"Wal, wal; don't git out to sea afore the tide's up, old woman."

"Ole woman! Ole woman yerself, Caleb Benson!" retorted Clorinda.

"Jes so," answered the fisherman, seizing upon the largest steel pen to be found, and grinding it on the bottom of a bronze inkstand. Clorinda put both hands to her mouth, and would have cried out; but, remembering how few teeth she had to be set on edge, thought better of it, and stood in glum silence while Caleb made his preparations.

That remarkable functionary had a piece of business before him which threatened to task the resources of his genius to their full extent, but he was not the man to shrink from the responsibility which his desire to retain a high place in the powerful Clorinda's good-will had induced him to accept.

"Now, then," said Caleb, giving his chair another hitch, dipping his pen afresh into the inkstand, and holding it suspended over the paper, with a threatening drop slowly collecting on the nib. "Now we'll get under weigh jest as soon as you give the signal."

"Tak car ob de ink!" shrieked Clorinda, pulling the paper from under his hand in time to preserve it from the great blot of ink that descended on the table-cover instead. "Dat's a party splotch, now, ain't it; yer a nice hand, Caleb Benson!"

"Tain't much, nobody'll ever notice it," said Caleb, wiping it off with his coat-sleeve. "Don't raise a breeze about nothin', Clorindy."

"Don't talk to me 'bout breezes," she retorted, in an irritated tone, for Clorinda, I am sorry to say, had not even a fair portion of the small stock of patience which usually falls to our sex. "I 'clar to goodness dere ain't nothin' so stupid as a man. I jis hate de hull sect."

"Oh, no you don't, Clorindy," he replied, teasingly; "you hain't got so old yet but what you can squint as good as the youngest of 'em when there's a fancy mulater chap round."

"What do yer mean by ole?" cried Clorinda. "I tells you what, Caleb Benson, ef yer only undertak this job to be a aggravatin' and insultin' me, you and I'se done! I ain't gwine to stand sich trash now I tells yer! Is dis yer gratitude fur all I'se done? Who got ye de ran ob de house, I'd like to know; who sot ye up for selling better fish than anybody in de neighborhood; who nebber said nothin' when de soap-fat all disappeared, and you said it had melted in de sun; who fixed up mince-pies fur you; who—"

There is no telling to what extent Clorinda might have carried her revelations, but the old man interrupted her with all the excuses he could think of at so short notice.

"I was just funning, Clorindy; don't go off the handle. In course I want to oblige you. Thar, thar! Now what do you want to have wrote? We ain't going to quarrel—old friends like us."

"Ain't we?" cried Clorinda, threateningly.

"Then jis you keep a civil tongue, dat's all. Times is changed, and der's a new misses a comin'; but you may all understand dat I rules de kitchen yet, and I'se gwine to."

"Sartin, sartin! Wal now, about these here billet ducks," said Caleb, cunningly; "I must hurry up, you see, or I shan't get round afore night."

Clorinda forgot her injured feelings in her excitement about the party, and ordered him to work without further delay.

"Wal," said Caleb, spreading out the paper again. "I'll leave a blank for the names, that'll save trouble. I reckon you want somethin' like this—"

"Miss Clorindy and Miss Victory's compliments—"

"What's the Vic got to do with it, I'd like to know?"

"Clo burst in; 'it's my party, just member dat. It's enough to hev her company, widout her settin' up for a hostage."

"Any thing to suit," said Caleb, patiently.

"Wal, then I'll say dat Miss Clorindy hopes to hev the pleasure of Mr. so and so's company, and want to see you to a little tea drinkin' this evening."

"Lord!" cried Clo. "If ye hain't got no more larnin' dan dat, I'd better find somebody else! I yer tink I got pink paper and silver-sprigged wipers to write sich trash on? Tea drinkin' indeed! Why dis here's to be a rigler scrumptions, fash'n'able 'tainment! I want yer to say, 'Miss Clorindy consents her most execratic compliments, and begs to state that, owing to de 'spicious ewent ob de master's weddin', she takes dis opportunity to 'quest de 'stinguished company ob Mr. Otheller Jones for dis evenin', to a reparatory 'tainment; and she would farder mention dat dar will be plenty ob woddin'-cake, wid a ring in it, ice cream in pin-nacles, red and white, and a dance in de laundry 'o fiddles.' Dar, dat's somethin' like."

"Yes," said Caleb, quite breathless; "now tell it to me as I get ahead, 'cause it's a mighty long rigmarole."

"Oh," added Clorinda, "den at the bottom you must put—P. S.—Yaller gloves and 'recur pumps, if convenient."

That last touch of elegance quite upset Caleb, and he began to think that if Clorinda was black, and couldn't write her name, she really was a wonderful woman. Clo was so softened by his applause that they got on very harmoniously, and the invitations were written out in the most remarkable manner, in Caleb's largest hand. As it was an affair of im-

portance, he put capitals at the beginning of nearly every word, and sometimes in the middle, and altogether the writing made such a show, that Clorinda was quite delighted.

"Don't forget de P. S.," said she. "Now, rael big!"

"Yes," said Caleb, making a tremendous flourish. "P. S.—Yaller gloves and 'rocur pumps, if convenient."

Clo inspected the first note as carefully as if she could read, expressed her approbation, and urged him on, till, with much labor, Caleb completed the requisite number, put them safely in their gorgeous envelopes, and directed them to the persons Clorinda mentioned.

"Now, jis be as quick as you kin," she said; "I've got to go back to see to tings—can't trust dat Vie! Wal, I guess Mr. Dolf'll see de difference 'tween folks and folks."

Dolf was a special weakness of Clorinda's, though it was to be feared that it was only her reputation for accumulated wages which induced that dashing yellow individual to treat her with any attention.

Caleb received his last instructions, and started on his mission, which was successfully fulfilled. Then he took his way homeward before going back to the house to acquaint Clorinda with the result, which was equal to her expectations, and that was saying a great deal.

As he approached the little tavern, he saw a gentleman standing on the steps, with a colored servant guarding a pile of guns, fishing-rods, and other tackle, with which idle men frequently come down from the city to endure Caleb's humble fare for a while, and gratify their masculine propensity for destruction.

But this gentleman was a stranger to Caleb, and he looked at him enviously, though with the approbation which his appearance would have elicited from more refined judges.

"I suppose you are Caleb Benson," the gentleman said, throwing away the end of a cigar, as the old man mounted the steps.

"Wal, they call me so, sometimes," replied Caleb; for the instincts of his birthplace had not deserted him, and he never answered a question in a straightforward manner, if he could help it.

"Some friends of mine told me I could find very comfortable quarters with you," pursued the stranger. "I have run down to see the place, and take a day's duck shooting. I want to engage rooms if I can, and leave my traps here, so that I can come over whenever I feel like it."

"I want to know!" said Caleb. "Wal, I guess I could fix you up, if you ain't too particular."

"I am not at all particular what I pay," replied the gentleman; "I suppose that is satisfactory."

"I ain't going to say 'tain't," returned Caleb, his eyes beginning to twinkle at the prospect of a liberal guest, who meant to come frequently.

"I reckon you'd like to see what I can do in the way of rooms, Mr. Mr.—Wal, I don't think I quite ketched your name."

"Mr. North," he said, smiling at the man's shrewdness.

He stood for a few moments talking with Caleb, and though the old fellow was not easy to please, he was quite fascinated by the stranger's manner; and, having a very vague idea of princes, he was almost inclined to think that this splendid-looking creature might be one who had strayed over from his native kingdom on a fishing excursion.

"Now let me see the rooms," said Mr. North. "I suppose my man may as well carry the traps up stairs now—the place is certain to suit me."

Caleb looked at the stylish colored individual who was leaning in a graceful attitude, over the luggage, and a brilliant idea struck him.

"I say you," he called, "I've got a ticket that'll just suit you, Mr.—What's your name?"

"If you are redressing me," replied the sable gentleman, majestically, "my name is Mr. Julius Hannibal."

"Want to know?" said Caleb. "Wal, here's an invite that was just meant for a fine-looking chap like you."

He drew one of the notes from his pocket and held it out, and Hannibal took it with considerable dignity, doubtful how to receive such unceremonious compliments.

"You are in luck, Ju," said his master. "What's it all about, Mr. Benson?"

"Why, Mr. Mellen—he's one of our rich men down here—is going to be married this week, so his servants thought they'd have a blow-out to-night, for fear they wouldn't get the chance after the new mistress comes."

"Go, by all means," said North, almost eagerly. "Make all the friends you can, Ju, for we shall be here a good deal—go, certainly."

Hannibal drew himself up, bowed to his master, and said to Caleb in a stately way—

"I shall be most happy to mixture in the festive throng, but would most respectfully state to Miss Clorinda that my 'rocur pumps is banished from polite society, and only putting leathers is worn—but these is trifles."

North took the note from his hand, and could not suppress his merriment as he read it; but Caleb reserved that as a compliment, and looked so conscious, that it was easy to discover what share he had taken in the matter.

"Flannels of ice cream, and a dance in the laundry," read Mr. North. "Why choose the laundry, Mr. Benson?"

"Laundry, laundry! I guess it's blotted a leafle,"

"Oh yes—I see! Upon my word, it is quite significant! So Mr.—Mellen, you call him—married this week. Well, well, that's a fate that strikes most of us, sooner or later. We will go to bed's now, if you please, Mr. Benson."

The old man led the way on to the house, and

which had been made quite comfortable by the various articles of furniture that the different occupants had presented to Caleb.

The bargain was not a difficult one, as Mr. North appeared quite willing to pay Benson his own price, and the old fellow was only in doubt as to what extent it would be safe to curry his extortion.

When they went down stairs again, the steambout had just come in to the landing, and Dolf, Mr. Mellen's man, was making his way to the tavern, having come down to the island to see that the house was in readiness, and dazzle the eyes of the females by his wonderful new clothes.

"That's just the ticket," said Caleb; "Mellen's man'll take you over to the place, Mr. Julius, and set you a goin'. I'm going there myself now, but you'll have to fix your master up first, so you can come with Dolf."

While Julius was going through the ceremonies of an introduction, Mr. North called him away, and seemed to be giving him some very particular directions. When he came back, Dolf, who was greatly rejoiced at this acquisition, said, anxiously,

"Won't he let you go?"

"Of course," answered Hannibal, but a little uneasily. "It was only about a fishing-rod I left behind."

CHAPTER III.

THE day wore on. Every thing was in a state of preparation in the old mansion-house. The last ovenful of cake had been placed by an open window in the pantry; that its puffed surface might harden into beauty. The ice-cream freezers, ready to yield up their precious contents, were set away in a cool place, and Victoria, a pretty mulatto girl, that had come to the house an orphan child, was busy carving red and white roses out of a little pile of turnips and delicately shaped blood-beets, intended to ornament divers plates of cold turkey and chicken salad.

This pretty finery work was carried on in the front basement or housekeeper's room, while a bustle of preparation gave promise of great things from the kitchen. Clorinda, the moving spirit of all this commotion, rushed from basement to kitchen, and then to pantry and store-room, in a state of exhilaration that carried fresh currents of air with her wherever she went. This was the great day of her life, and she felt its importance in every cord of her heart.

"Now," she called out, addressing Victoria with a pompous lift of the head, "yer can come up stairs and help about that. Them roses ain't so bad but that I've seen wuss; but there's 'nuff of 'em, so cum 'long o' me, and shut up de drawin'-room winder-blinds."

Victoria ran up stairs, two steps at a leap, and, in a breath, was shutting out the beautiful sunset, and quenching a thousand flashes of arrowy rays that were scattering gold over the plate-glass.

"Now," said Clorinda, as the last shutter was closed, "yer can take the spy-glass and see if any pussion is wisible comin' up from the pint."

Victoria was only too glad. She sprang across the tessellated pavement of the hall, and seizing the glass, swept the shore with a slow movement of the person from right to left.

"Nary a pussion comin'," she said, laying down the glass, with a disappointed air.

"Don't talk," snapped Clorinda, snatching up the glass and levelling it fiercely at the ocean. "Jes like yer, now—can't see yer hand afore yer face. There's a boat put inter the cove whilst yer was looken, and here am Caleb Benson."

"So thar am," cried Victoria, snatching the glass, "a-comin' full split across the medder. Now for it!"

The little limbed mulatto gave a hop on to the portico, and another bound to the soft grass of the lawn, whence she ran, like a deer, towards our sea-loving friend, with high shoulders, who was crossing towards the house at a far brisker pace than was usual to him.

"Han yer give the interogations?" cried Victoria, out of breath with swift running. "Am the folks a coming to our party?"

Caleb looked wonderfully grave, and attempted to shake his head; but he saw, by the gleam in his eyes, that it was all pretence, and clapping her hands like a little gypsy as she was, dashed into a break-down on the grass, calling out, "Vic, Vic, I told yer so—I told yer so!"

"Well, what am all dis muss 'bout?" exclaimed Clorinda, sailing out to the lawn with a broad straw hat overshadowing her like an umbrella. "Well, Caleb, I hopes ebbery ting am pernicious 'bout de party."

Caleb, who was an old fisherman, reared at Cape Cod, and not to be put out of his way easily, occupied plenty of time before he answered. The afternoon was warm, so he took the oil-cloth cap from his head, and wiped its baldness vigorously with an old silk handkerchief. Then he deposited the handkerchief in the crown of his cap, and settled himself into his garments with a shake, sailor fashion.

Clorinda's broad flat vibrated with its wearer's impatience, and Victoria was stamping down the grass, and menacing the old man with her flat during the whole of his slow performance.

"Now," she said, "now."

"Wal, the long and the short of it is, they're all a coming, especially from Squir Rhodes. Miss Jordana wasn't willing at first, but the Squir sot in and said his colored people hadn't much chance for fun anyhow, and shouldn't be kept back from what come along in a nat'ral way."

"Squir Rhodes was a pussion as I 'spected," said Clorinda. "Let me see how many of 'em will come up."

She made rather bungling work in counting her fingers, going over them three or four times, and

the cry of dismay, and made a rush for the house, where she instantly tore off her apron and tucked it under one of the hall mats.

Clorinda, filled with indignation by this strange proceeding, turned in search of the cause, and so there was Dolf, Mr. Mellen's own man, crossing from the lawn, with two other gentlemen of color, evidently from the city.

Clorinda snatched the broad straw flat from her head, and began to arrange her head-dress turban with both hands, thus unhappily exposing some tufts of frosty gray that had managed to creep, year after year, into her wool. After this rather sweet toilet, she drew herself up with a grand air, and marched down to receive the strangers in a glorious state of self-complacency.

"Mr. Dolf, yer welcome as hot-house peaches—and these gemmen, may I request an interdiction?"

Dolf had just been informing his companions that the lady approaching them was not to be sneezed at in any particular whatever, as she ruled the roost of Piney Cove, and had, every body said, laid up lots of rocks; besides, as for cooking—well, he said nothing, it was not necessary; they would see what Clorinda was in that line when the supper came on.

This speech had prepared the strangers to receive their sable hostess with great distinction, and when she launched a stupendous courtesy at them in acknowledgment of their elaborate bows, the mutual admiration that sprang up among the whole group then and there, was an oasis in human nature.

Miss Clorinda—Mr. Sparks, of the Metropolitan Hotel; Mr. Hannibal, private attendant of an upper-crust gentleman, who is going to stop at the Sailor's Safe Anchor."

Clorinda had just recovered herself from one courtesy, but she took the wind in her garments and fluttered off into a couple more without loss of time.

"De neighborhood am obligated to any gemmen as brings sich pussions inter de society ob Piney Cove. If yer hasn't had deceived an invite from Mr. Benson, dat white pussion yer sees up yunder, remit me de felicity."

Clorinda took two buff envelopes from her bosom as she spoke, and gave them to Mr. Sparks, of the Metropolitan, and Mr. Julius Hannibal, private, with a smile that flitted across her face like smoke from a furnace.

"It speaks ob pumps and yeller gloves as bein' indispensable, but dem as comes promiscuous as yer friends dus, Dolphus, can't be speeted ter imply."

The gentlemen smiled in bland thankfulness, exhibiting a superb display of ivory and second-hand white kids in the operation.

"You didn't expect me," whispered Dolf, joining Clorinda when she turned to conduct the party to the house, "but the hurt will pant after clear water. I couldn't stand it three days longer, so when the master told me to come over and see that every thing was ready, I jumped at it. Hope yer's not offended at my bringing these fellows?"

"Fended!" exclaimed Clorinda, stepping upon the grass as if it had been egg-shells, that she had resolved not to crush. "When was yer Clo ebber fended wid yer, Dolphus?"

"Poor fellows," said Dolf, looking back at his friends. "they see my felicity and are ready to burst with envy."

"Am dey?" exclaimed Clorinda, bridling—"poor souls; but no pussion can be 'spected to cut up inter half a dozen, so dey am bound ter suffer."

The whole group had reached the front portico by this time. Vic, who had stolen behind the hall-door and stood watching their approach through the crevices, came forth now, blushing till the golden bronze on her cheeks burned red. Clorinda flamed up at the sight.

"What hab yer done wid yer apron, chile? jes march right 'bout an' get it ter once. Who ebber hearn ob chile ob yer age widout apron?"

Victoria's black eyes flashed like diamonds; she drew aside, leaning against the wall, with the grace of a bronze-figure, half frightened out of her wits, but defiant still. What right had Clorinda to tell about her apron, or drive her down stairs? She cast an imploring glance at Dolf, but he looked resolutely away.

"Come in, gemmen, out ob sight ob dis audacious chile," cried Clorinda, almost sweeping poor little Vic down with a flourish of her skirts.

"No," interposed gentlemanly Dolf, who had a genius for keeping out of storms. "The gentlemen were just saying, as we came up, how much they would like a walk towards the woods. So with your permission, Miss Clorinda, we will leave you to the feminine duties of the toilet; though beauty when unadorned is most adorned."

"Cept when de gray hairs will peek out. Hi! hi! look dar!"

These audacious words were uttered by Victoria, whose pouting wrath could no longer be restrained.

The two city gentlemen fell to examining their gloves with great earnestness. Dolf made a hasty retreat through the door, calling on them to follow him, and Clorinda left five handsomely defined finger-marks on Victoria's hot cheek before she darted off to a looking-glass, and fell into a great burst of tears over the state of her treacherous turban.

"Now," said Vic, gathering herself up from the wall, and rubbing her cheek, down which great hot tears were leaping with passionate violence—"Now I've gone and done it, sure; she won't let me—"

"Vic! Vic!"

It was the treacherous voice of Dolf, who came stealing in from the portico.

"Vic, don't be so audacious, you lovely spitfire; go this minute and make up with her, or we've lost all chance of that new cotillion I was learning you."

"I can't! I won't!" burst forth the pretty, bronze fury, standing down the street and her apron under her arm.

Dolf snatched the little sprite from the rug, and stopped her mouth with—no, it wasn't with his palm. John and I'd rather say no more about it.

Five minutes after, Victoria went demurely up to Clorinda, found her sitting before the glass in utter humiliation, and protested that the whole thing was nonsense. That she hadn't seen a gray hair, and if a turban was awry, it must have happened when Clorinda ran up stairs in such hot haste. Victoria was sorry; oh, very, very sorry. Would Miss Clo only overlook it this once, and begin to dress for the ball?

Clorinda's heart swelled like a rising tide under Vic's hypocritical condolence, but she could not be quite convinced about the turban; she was a woman of resources, however, and felt that the evil was not without its remedy. So she kindled an immense quantity of wax-lights, crowded them before her looking-glass, and at once commenced the mysteries of a full toilet. The result was so satisfactory when she took a survey of her pink barege dress, covered with innumerable small flounces, and the gorgeous white gauze scarf, glittering with silver, which formed a turban, with long sweeping ends falling to the left shoulder—that she melted at once towards the girl who had helped to make her so resplendent.

"Jes see what splendidiferous idebs dat chile Miss Elsie hub, Vic," she cried, shaking the flounces into place over her crinoline. "Now 'serve she never worn dis sumptuous dress more en once, but sent it down here good as new; 'sides de turban, jes see it shine. Yes, Vic, I forgives yer, so don't rub dem knuckles in yer eyes no more."

Vic darted away, and in a marvellously short time came back, her hair braided in with scarlet ribbons, and a dress of several gorgeous colors fluttering with every joyous movement of her slender person. She was fanning herself before the glass when Clorinda started up.

"What am dat?"

"Dat? why it am a carriage. Oh, golly, golly, they'm coming," cried Vic, wild with delight, and away the two darkies went down the great staircase and into the hall, where the honors of the house were commenced with astonishing elegance.

Two or three wagons sat down their sable loads, and directly the sound of a fiddle rang through all the basement story, and the laundry floor vibrated to the elastic tread of dancers, whose natural love of music gave grace and spirit to every movement. The two fiddles poured out triumphant strains of music, and in every particular Clorinda's ball was a success.

At last Clorinda disappeared from the laundry, and Dolf followed her into the supper-room, where he exclaimed in raptures at the gorgeousness of the table.

"Yes," said the housekeeper, modestly, "but how am we to get 'long widout wine; Marsa Mellen carried off de keys, and widout dat—"

"See here!" cried Dolf, holding up a key which had been resting in his pocket; "catch me unprepared; I thought about the wine."

Clorinda almost embraced Dolf in her delight, but he did not seem to observe the demonstration in his haste to reach the wine-cellar.

When he came back with his arms full of long-necked bottles, Clorinda's happiness was supreme, and directly after there was a rush of feet and an abrupt silence of the two fiddlers. The company had gone into supper. After the rush and bustle had subsided a little, Dolf placed himself at the head of the table, with a cork-crow in one hand and a bottle in the other.

"Oh, my!" whispered Virginia, "I hope dar's lots of pop in it."

A rushing explosion, and the rich gurgle of amber wine into the crowding goblets satisfied her completely.

Dolf lifted his glass and prepared himself for a speech.

"Ladies of the fair sect, and gentlemen—"

That moment Mr. Julius Hannibal, who had allowed himself to be crowded towards the door, stole out and went softly up stairs. With the stealthy motion of a cat, he crept along the hall and opened the front door.

A man came out from the shadows of the portico, and glided into the hall. It was Mr. North, Hannibal's master.

CHAPTER IV.

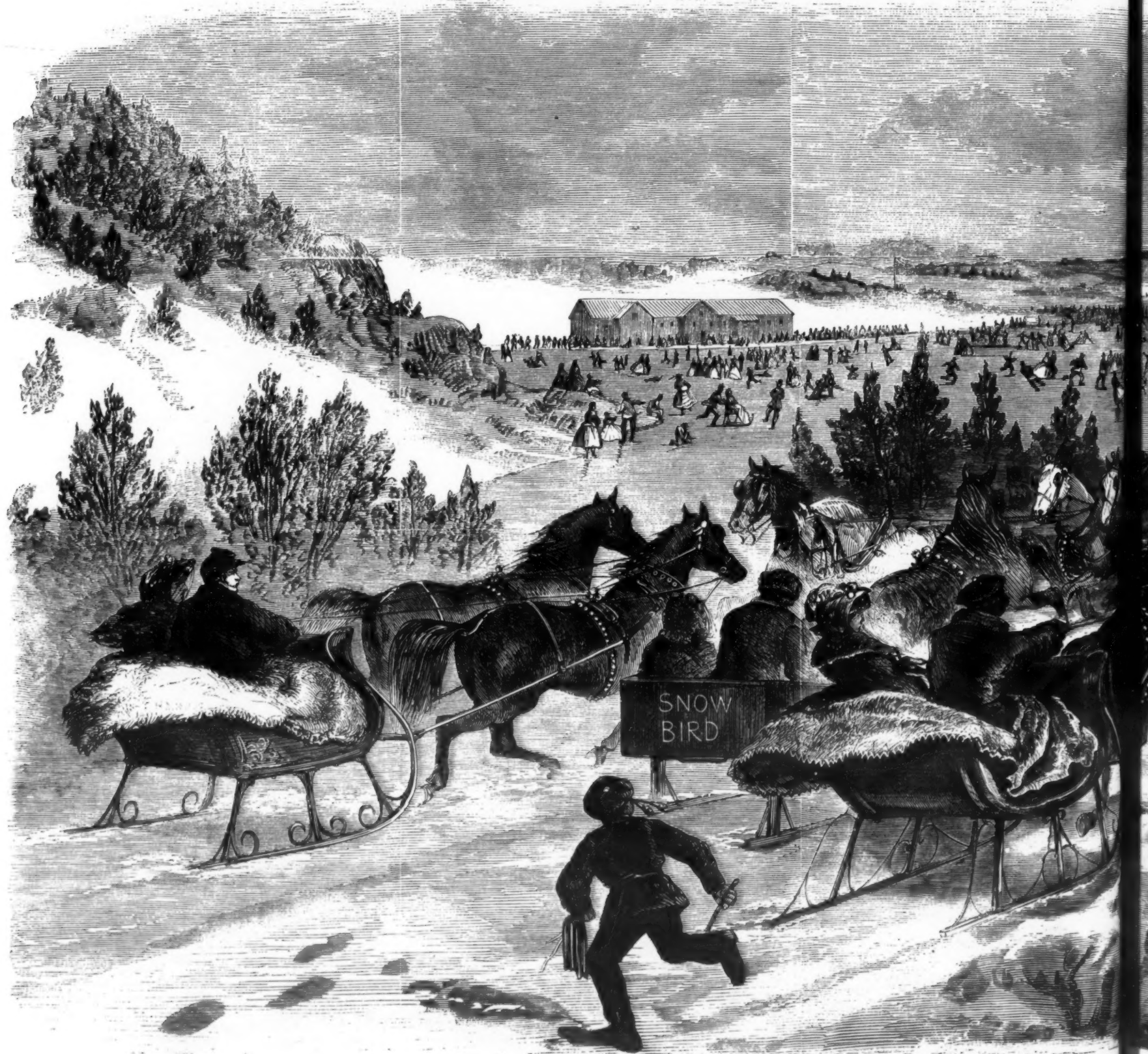
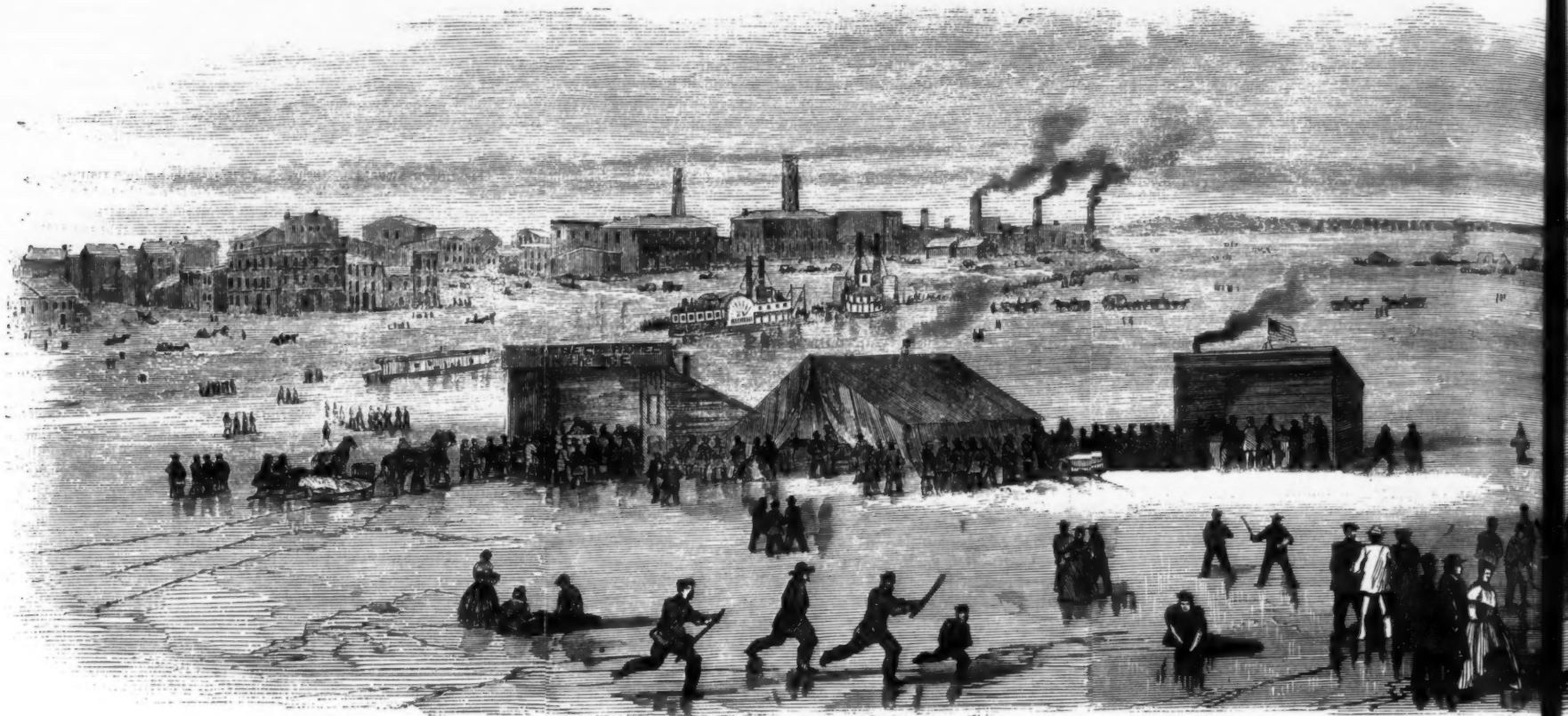
A crowd of carriages was in front of the church—a throng of richly-dressed persons filled it, with such life and bustle as sacred walls never witness, save on the occasion of a grand wedding. Mrs. Harrington had done her pleasant work famously. Not a fashionable person among her own friends, or a distinguished one known to bridegroom or bride, had been omitted. Thus the stately church was crowded. Snowy feathers waved over gossamer bonnets; lace, glittering silks, and a flash of jewels were seen on every hand, fluttering in the dim religious light around smiling faces and gracefully bending figures.

A buzz of whispered conversations rose from nave to gallery; for a large portion of that brilliant throng had never seen the bride, and curiosity was on the *qui vive* regarding her.

In one of the front pews a friend of Mrs. Harrington was sitting with a group of her own confidential acquaintances. Of course she knew all about it, and could tell them why Mr. Mellen, the great catch of the season, had chosen a wife so utterly unknown to their set.

Certainly Mrs. Chase knew all about it—had the particulars from her sweet friend, Mrs. Harrington, who was, they all knew, a sort of lady patroness to the affair. Would she tell? Of course—why not? There was no secret about it now, and it might be ten minutes before the bridal party came in.

To be continued.



1. THE WINTER CARNIVAL AT ST. LOUIS—THE MISSISSIPPI FROZEN OVER.—F



THE WINDS.

BY W. L. BERTHAM.

THE winds of the spring—they are heralds bold,
They announce o'er land and sea
The retreat of the winter, weary and old,
The flowers new birth from the loosening mould,
And the coming of bird and bee;
And the hearts of all rejoice, rejoice,
And the blood of our veins leaps light,
As they trumpet, all day, the queen, their choice,
And the triumph is felt, that swells their voice,
In their loud huzzas at night.

The winds of the summer are lovers true
Of all things bright and fair:
From the tender flowers they kiss the dew,
And sing soft songs as they daily woo,
Then faint in the fields of air.
They fold their wings in the sultry noon,
From the sun's unclouded night;
But they wake at the cricket's and beetle's tune,
And sigh with the maids beneath the moon,
In the wild, luxurious night.

The winds of the autumn are mourners all
For the beauty passed away;
And they sob and sigh as the dead leaves fall,
While a misty veil, like a funeral pall,
Is hung o'er the dreary day.
They mourn the fate of the fading flowers,
That the frosts have touched with blight;
They wander abroad with the fitful showers,
And a strange sad feeling the soul o'erpowers,
As they moan in the ghostly night.

The winds of the winter are warriors dread,
From the realms of ice and snow;
Terror and death from their wings are shed,
And desolation far is spread,
Wherever their legions go.
The iron ranks of the woods they break,
And the streams grow dumb with fright;
From their ire a speedy flight we make,
And, safe at home, how we shiver and shake,
At their terrible shouts at night!

LINDA,

The Dancing Girl of the Cafe St. Nicol.

By Mrs. M. A. DENISON.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was indeed true that the wound which seemed to have extinguished life was yet not fatal. When carried to the dead-house, where strangers are generally conveyed, some one of the bearers detected the motions of life. A surgeon was sent for, who pronounced his state temporary suspension of the faculties, and had him sent to one of the hospitals. There the surgeon whom Lily met, distinguished as much for his generous dealings with the poor as his great skill and immense wealth, became interested in his case, and Lily, under Providence, was led to the very person who could best relieve her terrible suspense.

The hospital was a large, commodious building—none better in all France. The wards were skillfully constructed, so that each patient could have what seemed the luxury of privacy. The patients in the room where our poor young friend Eugene lay were generally of the better classes, better I mean in pure and privileges. It was late in the afternoon, the sun shone in brilliantly, but its fallen rays were jealously screened, so that it was not too bright for the faint eyes of sickness.

"Nurse," cried a weak voice.

The cleanly, white capped woman was instantly beside him.

"Has nobody been here? Has nobody inquired after me?"

"Nobody but the doctor, dear heart," was the reply, in a cheery voice.

"I thought I saw my sister—I suppose I was dreaming. They must hear of it soon—my mother and my sister—pray God it may not kill my poor mother."

"Oh! no, some kind, good friend will tell her, but keep up your spirits. You I see the doctor coming—and upon my word, dear, there's a lady with him—a young lady, too. Now, don't move, don't speak, don't be excited in the least, because if you do I shall just tell the doctor that you're not in a fit state to be seen. Ah! you is a pretty young girl, and surely by her face I know she is your sister."

Lily came forward, but under the doctor's training she was as calm and quiet as if she had but just parted from him.

"Oh! Eugene, dear Eugene!"—and there she stopped, sat down on the side of the bed, took his wasted hand in hers, and strove to check her emotion. He grew somewhat faint, but after a few moments it passed away, and he was calmly happy.

"What will mother think of me?" he murmured.

"She will only be too thankful that you are spared," said Lily. "Now, you are to be taken to a private house, and I am to be your nurse. Mr. Belmont, a friend of the kind surgeon, says you may stay at his residence, and be well cared for till you recover. He says he knows you very well by reputation, for I told him what you wrote, and what your signature was. Oh! Eugene, if I were you I'd write under my real name, in case of accidents, you know."

"Not many such accidents as these are likely to come off, I hope," said Eugene, smiling drearly. "Never again, under whatever provocation, will I allow the hand of any man to be raised against me I fired in the air, thank God!"

"Oh! Eugene, we never dreamed, mamma and I, that you would be a duellist. But never mind, that is all over. This experience has cured you, I am sure."

"How did you leave mother?"

"Ill, but by to-morrow she will be quite well. That kind Mr. Belmont is going to Rouen, to see her."

"I wonder if it is the Belmont who is so rich?" murmured Eugene. He endowed a college, I believe. He is an Englishman by birth."

"I dare say it is the same one," said Lily; "he must be rich, at all events he is handsome, and a great friend to literary people."

"It is the same one, I think," he said, and sighed a little.

With woman's quick perceptions, Lily interpreted that sigh.

"I have seen her," she whispered archly, "and she is as beautiful as you said."

"Oh! Lily."

"You know very well who I mean—Made-moiselle Linda. She's a little darling, and looks as good as she is pretty."

"Where did you see her?"

Then Lily had to tell him all; how she first saw the beautiful dancer, her solicitude on his account, her visit to the house, to all of which he listened eagerly, and smilingly.

"That has done me a world of good," he said; "shall I ever be able to rescue her from such a life?"

"Oh! who doubts that you are to be rich and famous? I am sure I do not, especially after going through such a dreadful experience. You will be careful now; but that awful Monsieur Louis, where is he?" she shuddered at the thought of him.

"They say he will not dare come back to Paris," said Eugene; "the police are on his track, for he has been guilty of other and sorer crimes, so I think I shall never be troubled with him again. To think what a villain he would have made me!"

Two days after that Eugene had gained greatly. Mr. Belmont had returned, and reported that Lily's mother was overjoyed at the good news, that she left her bed the same day, and was making preparations to come on. He advised also that Eugene should be moved immediately, as everything was prepared for his comfort. Mr. Belmont was a bachelor. Mr. Belmont was studying Lily to his heart's content. The child had never seen such splendor as met her eyes in that magnificent dwelling. Everything that heart could wish seemed ready to her hand. Her brother was placed in a large and most elegant chamber, on a couch fit for the occupancy of a king, and Lily was installed by his side, merely to be his companion. A good nurse was engaged, and altogether Lily had never been so regally served.

Under this kind nursing Eugene improved rapidly.

Not so poor little Linda. The troupe left Rouen in a day or two, hours before the intelligence that her boy was still living reached the widow Atoile. From village to village, and from town to city they carried her, but she failed daily and perceptibly. At last Madame Rollo said she could not encourage such an automaton. The woman went with her company, leaving nurse Margrave at a wretched village, with Linda in the first stages of a threatening fever. The poor nurse was for a time overwhelmed with their misfortune. Her darling's sickness absorbed all her faculties; she did not apprehend or think of other dangers.

Looking over her baggage at the small tavern at which the two were stopping, she found, to her horror and dismay, that she had been robbed of her money and many of her clothes. Her watch, also, which she had put aside as needing repairs, was gone; and in a paroxysm of despair, the poor creature rushed downstairs proclaiming her loss.

"A pretty story," said the landlord, a hard-hearted type of his class, "and a likely one. I'm not so easily taken in."

"But, sir, we were travelling, I and the child, with Madame Rollo's troupe. She will tell you that we are honest."

"Oh! ay! any of them can trump up a story—ye deserve to be robbed, going among such company. And that child on your hands, too. It's my opinion that ye'd both better tramp to the poor-house, for I shan't turn my tavern into a hospital, I can tell you, so you may make tracks, you and the girl, as soon as you can. At any rate, you can't stay in this house another night."

This was discouraging and very cruel. Nurse Margrave hurried upstairs, full of anguish. Linda, who laid in a feverish sleep, was aroused by her entrance. Her wild eyes turned imploringly to the door.

"Oh! Margrave," she said, faintly, "don't feel bad, we'll get another engagement in a few days. Oh! I wish I had an orange."

"I don't know, child, where we can get anything," said the nurse, hiding her tears; "I begin to feel discouraged."

"Why, what is the matter, Margrave?" cried Linda, noticing the change in her voice.

"My poor child, we have lost everything."

"What can you mean?" cried Linda, in terror.

"Our money, child—all our money is stolen, and I have only a few francs in my purse."

"Oh, Margrave! that is very dreadful," said Linda, pressing her slight hands upon her burning forehead. "What are we going to do?"

"I don't know, child; it seems as if Providence had deserted us."

"No, no; you must not say that. It is bad—but—there is the diamond ring."

"That has gone, too, child. It was in the little box with our money."

"Oh, Margrave! Then we can't stay here. I must get well, indeed I must," and she attempted to rise from the bed, but, weak and giddy, fell back again. "My head is dizzy," she said piteously, "and my hands burn so. Oh, dear! I wish we were in Rouen; those kind people, his mother and his sister, would care for us. Oh, I am sure of it."

"Yes, child, I wish we were in Rouen, for more reasons than one; but we are not, we are thirty miles by railway from Rouen."

"That is not so very long a journey," said Linda, piteously.

"No, not if you were well, poor child."

"Then I must be well!" exclaimed Linda, with decision. "We must go to Rouen. Nurse, how much money have you?"

"Enough to get there and buy food on the way; a little more—we should not perish."

"Then get ready, nurse, and leave me to myself. I know I can get up strength enough to go."

The woman hesitated, but what else could she do? They were evidently on the way to pauperism, while at Madame Atoile's she felt as if they could be received and cared for, at least not turned upon the town, as they might be here.

"It don't look much like finding your brother, now," said the nurse, almost querulously.

"Never mind, Margrave. Don't you know you have often told me that it is darkest always just before day? And it has been more than once. If God sees fit I shall find my brother; if not, it may be that He is going to take me away. There, don't cry, nurse. I'm sure you would not stay long behind, and for all we know, my poor brother may be in Heaven."

"Child, you tear my heart all to pieces, talking that way."

"Then I am sorry; I won't talk so again," and the little hot hand went caressingly over the withered face of the nurse. "But I'm sure I've been a great care and trouble to you; I've been a poor foolish thing, who would worry over some things and make myself miserable. But you love me, nurse?"

"Indeed, indeed I do," sobbed the woman, bending down and kissing her feverish cheek. "This much I know, I am old and worthless, and should not be missed, but God will take care of you."

"And of you, too, nurse," said Linda, piously. "Now go down and get your dinner, then wrap me up well and call a carriage. Once in the cars, there'll be a soft cushion there and I can sleep. The sigh of his sister will cure me, and I know I can rest there."

Poor child! She had to be helped down and placed in the carriage, and when they reached the railway the old nurse carried her in her arms and felt the flesh glow like coals of fire. Still she bore her burden patiently, never once murmuring, hiding her face from observation, lest the passengers should think her disorder infectious, and arrived at Rouen, in a state of restlessness and bewilderment that made her almost incapable of thinking. Calling for a carriage, she threw the money to the coachman and told him to drive her to Madame Atoile's. The coach stopped at a splendid mansion, from which lights flashed everywhere, for it was evening, and the gayest music sounded, varied by peals of laughter and singing voices. The poor nurse had almost got out of the carriage before she perceived that this was not the place.

"Where I want to go there is little flower-garden in front, and the house is not large and gay," she said.

"Oh, you should have said the widow Atoile's," said the coachman, slamming the coach door to and driving off again.

The burden in her arms had grown heavier, and the low moans were indicative of pain. When they stopped—at the right house this time—the poor nurse was almost fainting, yet she retained strength enough to stagger into the hall and there sank down upon a lounge, her charge in her arms. Madame Atoile came out, somewhat startled at the manner of her visitor's entrance.

"My good woman," she said, recoiling at sight of the burden she bore, "you have made a mistake. I do not entertain strangers."

The kindly voice reassured the nurse.

"Oh, no, madame. You do not know me; you never saw me before. But you know this poor child. Pity our misfortune, madame, and give us at least a bed for the night. I have been robbed of all her earnings, and we are penniless."

Madame Atoile stopped down.

"Is not this the little dancing-girl?" she asked, started at her appearance.

"Yes, madame. Your poor son knew her—knew her innocent and good she was. And, madame, it is his death that has made her so ill at last. She is now worried into a fever."

"Poor child!" said the widow, pityingly. "So she is sick, and you have been unfortunate. You look ill and weary, too. Have you carried her all the journey?"

"In these arms," replied the old madame.

"Then sit still; I will send one of the servants to take her upstairs. She shall be put in a good bed, and I will send for a physician. My child has found care among strangers, and I would not turn a sufferer from my doors."

"Oh, madame, how can I repay you?" cried the old nurse, tearfully.

"I am repaid, good woman, for all I have ever suffered. My son is restored to me."

"What Monsieur Eugene, who was dead?"

"Who was thought to be dead," said the grateful mother. "I thank God that, through the kindest care and the best of nursing, he has recovered—or is recovering."

"My poor darling!" exclaimed the nurse, with tearful eyes, "I fear I shall lose her, she was always so delicate."

"Oh, no!" said the kind Madame Atoile, as the servant took the light creature in her arms and carried her upstairs; "she is only in a low fever. I think we shall save her if we have faith and good attendance. They work miracles."

CHAPTER XIV.

It is no wonder that Lily's eyes were bright and her mouth and cheeks all dimples. Lily was at home again, her brother by her side, though still very weak and pale, and Lily was the promised bride of Monsieur Belmont. Yes, he had wooed and won this sweet pearl, and right regally did he prove his gratitude. Lily had just returned. It was chilly weather now, and her furs had dropped from

her shoulders, rich sables they were, a gift from one who prized her above all the world. On a lounge near her brother lay, looking almost as happy as herself. One might have detected, however, a sadness in the dark eye that told of some secret sorrow.

"Isn't it good to be at home, Eugene? I'm sure I thought I should like Paris, and so it is a good place to stay in for a while. But this dear, quiet home! Herbert says I may stay here six months in the year if I wish to. He intends buying property here—has, he says, for some time. Oh, mamma, have you heard anything about the poor little Linda?"

A look of caution from her mother, which she did not understand.

"Yes, my dear, I have heard from her. Come into the other room and put your furs away. My dear," she whispered, as Lily followed her, "the poor child is in this house, dangerously ill."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Lily, clasping her hands. "It seems to me one cannot be completely happy without some misfortune comes. In this house?"

"Yes, my dear. She has been here a week, and is so ill that we despair of her recovery."

"Oh, is not that dreadful! Just when Eugene has recovered."

"He must not know it yet, my dear; besides, I could never have thought of such a connection as that for Eugene. But he is too weak to bear the knowledge just now."

"Oh! mamma, can I see her?"

"Yes, the fever is not infectious, and you will be careful. Poor child! she raves sadly. She loved my poor boy innocently, but too well. Will you go up now?"

"Yes, mamma, immediately," said Lily, sadly.

"You will find her sadly altered," said the mother, as she opened the door of the chamber, softly. More sadly than Lily was prepared for. She burst into tears as she saw the thin, sharpened features, the wildly bright eyes, the parched lips and attenuated fingers. At the head of the bed, grimly wiping her eyes, sat nurse Margrave. She scarcely took food or rest now. Her darling's life was all in all to her.

"Poor little thing!" murmured Lily, caressingly.

"That is Eugene's," said the sick girl, catching the glitter of a ring on Lily's finger. "That was his; it is mine now—my wedding-ring. Nurse said we two never would be married—but we will, unless I go to heaven before him. Nurse didn't like him at first, but she likes him now."

Then her mind wandered to other fancies.

"I will wear my beautiful crimson to-night. Is it time? He must be at the cafe now; oh! how I will dance to-night. I will outdo myself, for his eyes will give me triumph. He don't know how I watch for his applause. Is it time?"

"He said my hair was beautiful; don't cut it off—don't cut it off!" she cried, plaintively. "It is very thick and presses on my brain, I know; but he will murmur if you cut it off. See how it glitters. Oh! I wish I were a thousand times more beautiful!"

"There—it's no use—they will sing that sad song that goes through my heart so. They will try to make me think that he is dead. I had a dream one day. I dreamed I saw him on the street, and his face was—oh! so white. I touched his forehead, and that was cold. It almost killed me. There—there—stop singing, I am weary and want to sleep."

"It's that way she gabbles on from morning till night poor child," cried the nurse. "It seems a hard fate she was born to from the beginning; the love of father and mother denied her, and many things which others, often the poorest, enjoy. Alas! poor child, I sometimes think she will only find happiness in heaven."

"Must she die?" cried Lily.

"The doctor says this night will decide. It's the ninth. From four in the afternoon, till eleven or twelve, she goes into a stupor. He says that to-night, if we cannot rouse her before twelve, she must die."

"She must not die," said Lily, softly.

"Ah! young lady, did such things depend upon the wishes or wills of mortals, then might we have hope. But, alas!" and she shook her head sadly.

The night came down softly in that time of fear, of hope, of doubt. Poor little Linda had gone into her strange trance, and the deep shadows settled on her face. Her old nurse watched anxiously and haggardly. Mrs. Atoile was in the chamber, quietly busy about something. She said afterwards that she was finding some nice clothes to have ready if they should be wanted for a laying out after the clock struck twelve. The doctor came in at nine—for he took a strange interest in the delicate little creature—and said he should stay till the time of extremity, for he hoped to awaken her. He could not do it now, he said, for nature needed a certain amount of rest, and he should not dare to rouse her so soon. So the minutes crept on. Eugene was below on the lounge, asleep. He had fallen into a dose early, and his mother thought best not to awaken him. The hours glided on, and every face grew terribly anxious. Lily had begged to sit up in an adjoining room to read. She might be called at the slightest warning. She was more exhausted seemed the sleeper. It appeared as her breathing was scarcely audible.

"It is time to arouse her," said the doctor. The clock pointed to half-past eleven. He went to the bed and gently called her name; then he tried to force down some stimulant; then he touched her, shook her almost roughly. The poor old nurse tried, her voice almost drowned in tears, but nothing seemed of any avail. Lily stood by, with a white and frightened face. Suddenly she clasped her hands, looked for a moment towards her mother, then shook her head, glided softly from the room, and downstairs. There, kneeling by

her brother, she called him. He awakened with a start.

"Why, Lily, child, how pale you look! Is it late?"

"Hush, Eugene. I came here to beseech you to save a life."

"What can you mean, child, are you still asleep, dreaming?"

"I haven't been asleep or dreaming. Oh! Eugene, I must tell you, and I believe you will have strength to bear it."

"What do you mean, sis?" and he started bolt upright.

"Eugene, that poor little dancing-girl is here. She has been—there! you turn so white you frighten me."

"No, no—tell me—tell me."

"She has been here several days sick. She is in a stupor now, and if not roused to consciousness, the result will be death. Eugene, darling, I believe you could save her."

"Yes, yes—let me go," he had risen eagerly.

"Stop—you must be cautious, too; mother does not know I have told you—I didn't dare—but—Eugene!"

He was gone.

Still they stood gathered round the bed. The doctor had nearly given up all hope now; not the faintest stirring of the bedclothes could be seen. Suddenly a haggard face stood in their midst. Mrs. Atoille saw it and gave a faint cry.

"Let me come," he said, and they made room for him. The nurse clasped her hands, her face grew light and expectant. He went close up to the bed, his handsome face working strangely. He bent down—he whispered close to her ear, "Linda, come to life—Linda, beloved!"

There did seem a rippling of the sluggish current to come into those deathly cheeks. Again he bent, looked at her with all his might, and kissed her lips, this time calling her passionately. Yes, there was the stirring of life—the struggle had commenced. He lifted her head upon his arm; again and again he called her, till at length the white lids fluttered open, and she was saved. Eugene cast a triumphant glance about him. The eyes closed—then opened again—then, with a long, deep drawn sigh of satisfaction, the girl smiled, and looked feebly round.

"Saved!" cried the doctor.

"She knows us all," said Lily, triumph in her voice. "Oh! mother, forgive me, but I thought it would be for the best."

"My child, you are forgiven; I should have had more faith. Come, children, we need not be afraid to leave her now, we all need rest," she added, seeing that her son grew pale again.

As for the old nurse, she sat near, taking no part apparently in the rejoicings, only sobbing quietly. It was enough for her to know that her darling was better, that there was a prospect, ever so remote, that she would get entirely well again. Eugene went slowly from the chamber, and I dare not say what he felt. It seemed as if his only care had at last fallen off—for he had thought continually of Linda—not dreaming that she could be under the same roof with him. That was a happiness that he had not in the least expected. His heart was lighter now than it had ever been, and all his old imaginings came over him again, making him more of a poet than before.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I NEVER thought, child, to see you sitting there again, I'm sure."

It was nurse Margrave, who seemed to be sorting some little things in a trunk in the corner.

"And I'm certain we owe an eternal debt of gratitude to Madame Atoille, and all the kind family. They have treated you as if you were their own."

"God bless them for it," murmured Linda.

"Yes, you may well say that. I wish you could think how we both looked when we first came here. I all dust-covered and travel-worn, and you in a heap in my arms (her nurse bobbed her head under the trunk cover). I wonder any decent person would take us, I'm sure. I could hardly have blamed one for telling us to go. And I shall never forget that cruel landlord. I'll go there sometime when you come to your rights, and give him a bit of my mind."

"He was a very unfeeling man, certainly," said Linda, "but on the whole I am very glad, it has all turned out beautifully—just like a fairy story."

"Except that you have not found your brother, yet."

"Oh! but that will come in good time. Indeed, I wish I might never have to dance again. Oh! there goes Eugene into the garden. Isn't he handsome? I wonder when I shall be well enough to go into the garden?"

"In a week, or two, child—but I fear it will be months before you get your good looks back."

"And Lily will be married before that. Have you seen her lover, nurse?"

"No, I've staid by you, child, night and day. I had no time to bestow on rich gentlemen who come a courting."

At that moment in came Lily, her arms full of jewels.

"Oh! are they not beautiful?" cried Linda, with childish enthusiasm. "Someway I always loved jewels. Good nurse seemed afraid, once, I should love them too well. These are lovely. Are they yours? Are they new?"

"Yes, dear, Mr. Belmont sent them to me. I am to have two or three other sets. I do not care so very much for them, but he seems to take delight in giving me such rich things. Wait till I am married, dear, and you shall have a set."

"Oh! how nice it must be!" said Linda, "to be able to give all these things. Do you know I have laid awake nights, thinking who I would make presents to, if I were rich?"

"You may be, child, for you know—oh! the Lord have mercy!" said the nurse.

"What is it, nurse?" and Mademoiselle Linda grew pale and frightened at the unusual sound.

"Why! my blessing, my darling, here is the diamond ring!"

Oh! nurse," exclaimed Linda, shrilly.

"My child, we are rich again. Now we shall be able to repay these kind people."

"You must not talk of payment," said Lily, gravely. "You know I am going to be very wealthy; and mother would never hear of taking anything."

"But isn't it strange, dear child?"—her old eyes glittered almost as much as the diamond—"there it was away off in one corner, where it must have slipped when I thought I put it away so snugly. How thankful I am! and how glad I did not find it when we were at that wicked landlord's."

"Why so, nurse?"

"Why, when I told him I had a diamond ring stolen, he began to laugh. 'Look here,' says he, coarsely, 'it's well for you that you can't show that diamond ring, for I tell you I'd had you up for theft. People like you don't generally sport diamond rings.' But your mother is a real lady; she will believe me."

"Besides, Monsieur Eugene knows," added Linda quietly, "he found it on the bouquet," and then Linda told his sister how it was found, omitting some of the particulars.

"I have kept it, thinking a time of poverty might come," said the nurse, "but never allowed Linda to wear it. And she was a good child and never asked for it. For truly as the host said, though he needn't have said it—people like us don't sport diamond rings, unless they are dishonest, and that I never was—now my precious child."

"Let me examine it," said Lily, "it is very beautiful, and looks as if it might be of great value," she said.

"That I'd like to know," responded the nurse, "for I suppose now I must sell it, somewhere. Of course Linda and I can't stay here for ever. I would not ask it after she gets the strength, and a little of the rose color in the poor cheeks. Then I know she'll be as proud to work for herself as she ever was."

"Of course I shall," said Linda a little languidly, "only if it could be something else than dancing. But I won't complain even of that, if I only get my health, I ought not, I'm sure."

"Suppose I show this to Mr. Belmont?" queried Lily, "he will certainly know the value of it."

Mr. Belmont was expected there that evening. Soon after he had come, Lily took the ring from a little case in which she had enclosed it.

"How much is a pure diamond worth of that size?" she asked.

"What! have you turned diamond dealer? Good heavens! where upon earth did you get this?" he cried, his brow flushing.

"Why, have you ever seen it before?"

"Seen it," and a strange look came over his face, "it was mine, once, and was stolen from me five years ago. I never expected to see it again. Where did you get it?"

"Oh! I came by it honestly."

"Of course, you know I don't doubt that, but I am anxious to learn for very peculiar reasons."

"You know our little dancing girl upstairs. Well, her nurse had it. She said it was thrown to Linda on a bouquet."

"I must see that woman," he said, much agitated, "strange, very strange."

"Shall I send her here?"

He was walking the floor, "If you please," he said, without stopping.

Another moment and the man of wealth was confronted by the figure of nurse Margrave. His only speech was,

"Great heavens! can it be?"

She in turn gazed at him in consternation.

"I should know that face anywhere," she said, in violent emotion. "Oh! can it be that justice will be done my sweet child at last."

"You are nurse Margrave."

"And you are—" he held his hand up warningly. "Never mind the name," he said, "it is long since consigned to oblivion. But who is the young lady with you?"

"Your sister Horace," again the hand went up. "I am Herbert Belmont, now, nurse. My sister! my father must have died years before she was born."

"My poor boy, your father was not dead."

"Not dead."

"No, after that fearful time when his clothes were found, and he appeared to have been drowned, he was still living. Secreted, for eight years he was a prisoner in his own house. This poor babe was born just after his real death. It was given to me to be reared in secrecy. I took it to Italy, according to directions. For a few months I heard from the mother—then she died. You, of course, knew nothing about this innocent one; and when I tried to find you the house was broken up—you had disappeared. I then took sole charge of the child, and supported her till she was fifteen. For three years she has taken care of herself and of me. Oh! Mr. Herbert, I should have known you anywhere, though all these years have passed. And is it you that are going to marry Miss Lily, that beautiful angel?"

"I will see you again this evening," he said, struggling with himself.

In less than an hour the widow Atoille, Lily and Eugene knew of the stain upon his real name. It made no difference to them—Lily merely saying: "I love you for yourself, if you had neither name nor money."

Thus Linda found the brother she had searched for so long and patiently—and thus was she relieved from a life of care and toil.

Mr. Belmont was married, and took Linda and her nurse, with his wife, to Italy, where they remained three years. During that time Eugene devoted himself to his profession, and when Mr.

Belmont returned with his beautiful wife, and yet more lovely sister, no one remembered her, in the glorious bride of a glorious poet, as the little Dancing Girl of the Café St. Nicol.

THIRTY YEARS AFTER.

BY ERNEST TREYOR.

WE were sitting alone together, Gertrude of Wyoming was the book we read, The twilight fell on the wintry weather, And the fire was burning bright and red.

On my shoulder her head she rested, Looked in my face and gave a sigh, Drooped her gray eyes, and softly murmured, "Who so happy to-night as I."

Gently I took her yielding fingers, Lifted them up to my lips, which prest Her soft white hand as it fondly lingered, Like a wearied bird that has found its nest.

Oh! as I clasped her—dearer—dearer— Twining my arms round her slender waist, She raised her face, which grew nearer—nearer— Till her fond lips on mine she placed.

Earth and all the stars may perish, But not the memory of that thrill, For in my heart of hearts I cherish Love's first sweet kiss—I feel it still.

LIEUT.-COL. HORACE P. RUGG, Commanding 59th Regiment New York (Veteran) Volunteer Infantry.

THIS officer, leading back a veteran regiment, is the youngest of his rank in the State, and probably in the service. He was born in Wilmington, Vermont, on the 11th day of March, 1842. He is a grandson of the late David Rugg, of Vermont, and a descendant of the heroine of Haverhill, Mass., Hannah Dustin. Leaving Vermont at the age of five years, he came to this city with his parents, and since that time has resided here.

At the outbreak of the war he entered the service of the United States as a private in the 71st regiment, N. Y. S. M., and participated with them in the battle of Mansfield, July 21, 1861. Soon after rejoining home with his regiment, he re-entered the service as Adjutant, Oct. 12, 1861, of the 59th, then commanded by Col. Tibball, which left for the seat of war in the fall of 1861, and was shortly after attached to the 2nd Army Corps. From the position of Adjutant, Rugg has since risen through the different grades to his present position, having been commissioned Captain Sept. 17, 1862, and Lieut.-Col. Nov. 19, 1863.

The 59th has shared in nearly all the battles of the army of the Potomac, and served on almost all occasions under Sedgwick, the hero of Marye's heights. The young officer and his brave men can boast of their gallantry at Malvern, Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Marye's Heights, Gettysburg and Brandy Station. They all are eager to resume their place on the front of the battle, and the call for men of true nerve to fill up their ranks will not be in vain. The contrast between the two veterans is rather striking, but the hero may live many years in a few days, and fill up a lifetime by a few days of glory.

A CENTENARIAN REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

John Phillips, of Sturbridge, Mass.

WHILE we are giving every week portraits of the gallant men who are upholding the Government of the United States, it is a contrast to present one who remains among us of generations long since passed away.

John Phillips, of Sturbridge, was born June 29, 1760, his father, Jonathan, being the third in descent from Rev. George Phillips, of Watertown, who died in 1644.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary war he was at the age of 16 drafted into a militia company and ordered to Providence, but did not long remain in the service. The residue of his long career has been spent at the old homestead. He was a member of the General Court in 1815 and 1816, and though a Democrat through life voted for Mr. Lincoln at the last election.

In religion he has always been a Baptist, and has been a member of that church 77 years, and a Deacon 64 years, he taking the place of his father in that office. He married Love Perry, daughter of Jonathan Perry, who had two other daughters named Mercy and Grace. He was but 18 years old when they were married, and they lived together 64 years, she dying at the age of 82, having had a family of nine children.

His hearing is still as good as that of most old people. He began to use glasses when between 40 and 50, and used them till he was about 80, when he was able to leave them off, and continued to read without them until within a few years, but is now unable to read at all. When he was in his 100th year he was called to Worcester as a witness at court, and was able to recognize his signature and give his evidence with clearness and distinctness.

At the time of his birth Pownall was Governor of Massachusetts, who the same year was appointed Governor of South Carolina, when Lieut.-Governor Hutchinson acted in his stead until Governor Francis Bernard was appointed; and he has lived under the administration of four Colonial Governors and 25 under the Constitution. He has lived to see the population of the Commonwealth rise from 246,000 (including Maine) to 1,241,663.

On the 29th day of June, 1860, his friends and fellow-citizens held a celebration in the park of Sturbridge called Fiskdale to honor his Centennial, in which he took much interest, and pleasure, and of which he now likes to talk. His address at the time was: "My friends, I give you thanks for this opportunity of seeing so many of you present, and for the attention bestowed upon me; but I feel unworthy to receive it. As I have been requested to offer prayer on this occasion, I will first make a few remarks. For 75 years I have been a professor of religion, and I have endeavored to adorn my profession. I am now an old child—broken down—100 years for you to look upon. I feel that I am a child in knowledge, and in everything else. My creed consists of four particular points—1st, the goodness of God; 2d, the divinity of our Saviour; 3d, the power and reality of revealed religion; 4th, the depravity of man. Here I stand a monument of God's goodness."

He was always a strong vigorous man. At 16 he stood six feet high, and weighed 196 pounds. His weight now is about the same.

His manner of living has always been plain and frugal, laboring hard as a farmer, but not to excess, and not to late hours, usually retiring early and rising early. He has been temperate in eating, drinking, sleeping, working and in all things. His beverages have been cold water, tea and coffee and

cider, all of which he has continued through life, and still partakes of the regular family meal. He has not drunk to the amount of a pint of spirits for over 30 years. Since he was 90 years of age he has laid up and relaid 20 rods of stone wall, laying about two rods in a day. He has used tobacco ever since he was young man. His memory is good, more particularly, as with all aged people, of the events of his early life. He told us he remembered his father, his grandfather, and his great grandmother, who died at the age of 96. He has always been fond of reading, and is now fond of talking, and disposed to narrate his experience.

GREAT SNOWSTORM ON THE PRAIRIES.

THE great snowstorm which came with the New Year raged with fearful severity on the Western prairies. The railroads were blocked up, and on the Michigan Central railroad the suffering of a train was great. As the train from Detroit on New Year's Eve approached New Buffalo, they found a freight train blocked up with snow, unable to get forward or back. After waiting two hours in hopes that the freight train would be able to proceed, they then started back. At Michigan city a second engine was attached, but the progress was slow; but after passing Calumet, and near the junction of the Michigan Southern, it was found impossible to proceed. An engine was sent to Chicago for aid.

Meanwhile the passengers waited and shivered. The cars were furnished with a single stove to each. It was as difficult to keep warm four feet from the stove as it was 24 feet, nearly. The wood provided was wet or green, or both. Exposed to the penetrating wind, laden with frost, which swept across the prairie, the condition of the passengers became exceedingly uncomfortable. The shiver became pain in the feet, and a chill and shudder, as the night waned and no relief engines came, and the fuel was fast disappearing. The fences were thought of, and a saw aided in putting boards in a shape to feed the stoves, which yielded no return of comfort. The flames roared up the pipe as they ate up the dry pine, and smoke issued from the floor beneath the stove. One car did burn so as to render it untenable. The fire was put out and the passengers abandoned it because it was not safe to kindle another in it. And so the hours passed. The cold grew colder, the wind howled and shrieked like mad, the snow flew in the air and the frost drove in through every crack, piercing to the quick women and children, like sharp needles. Those who had lunch baskets that were not empty carefully distributed of the stores among the little ones, and the warmest rocks were given to nursing mothers and their infants. The men found pastime in alternation between the fire and the baggage car, and between the latter and the several stoves.

At last a Michigan Southern train, drawn by three engines, came in sight. This train was a grand, stopped and arrangements were made for the transfer of the chilled passengers from the Coast to the city. A distance of 300 yards, more or less, was to be traversed, the snow was deeply drifted, and a snow and frost-laden wind was sweeping the path like a storm of gore. But it was announced that the passengers would be taken to the city if they would instantly make an effort to reach the train; haste was necessary, in order that the engines might not freeze up before we could get started. The scene in the Southern cars was fearful. Few had escaped being frozen, children crying, women moaning and fainting, all requiring for relief.

The Michigan Southern train, drawn by the three engines, started with the added freight for the city, but scarcely three miles had been passed before the train suddenly stopped. What was the matter? "Here are two Hook Island engines frozen up!" was the reply. In a few minutes word came back from the baggage-car that the engineer had said that 75 engines could not draw that train through to Chicago, it was so badly drifted. All prepared now to collect fuel for the night which menaced them, and a good supply was laid in and a man placed at each stove to watch and feed it as it might be safe to do so.

The day went out into dusk, when the door of the second car was thrown open and a muffled figure, white with frost and snow, entered and thrilled all present with the announcement, "I am here with a team and provisions from the city. There are two more teams coming a nowhere on the prairie, but it is getting dark, and they cannot find the train in the face of this storm. I want men to build a fire in the rear of the cars as a beacon and signal for those teams." A half score of men volunteered, while exclamations of surprise, admiration and gratitude echoed from the heart of every person who had thoughtfully realized the danger we were in. The fire was lighted, and about eight o'clock another team or two came by its guidance. The snow-drifts, cold chicken, turkey, duck, etc., were quickly distributed among the hungry ones, who were and wondered, and silently thanked the men who had thus braved the storm to give them aid and cheer.

And so these people spent their New Year's. The night, thanks to this relief and the fire, was as in comparative comfort. With morning the wind fell, the cold diminished and steam ploughs at last reached and resumed their work.

THE RETURNING VETERANS.

SEVERAL regiments of veteran volunteers have recently returned from the seat of war, covered with honorable scars, and bearing their battle-stained and battered colors through our streets. The people made impromptu demonstrations at almost every step of their march, clapping their hands, and cheering them in the most enthusiastic manner. Their arrival has been duly acknowledged in the newspapers, and their deeds have been recorded in prose and verse, by appreciative patriots; but their reception has not been equal to their merits. No preparations were made by the State authorities to receive them. No place had been provided for their shelter. No tables were spread for their entertainment. No State official extended to them a hand of welcome.

On the 12th the 65th and 59th regiments N. Y. volunteers, recently arrived from the Army of the Potomac, on furlough, were publicly received and reviewed in front of the City Hall, by Mayor Gantner, Brig.-Gen. Spicer, Gen. Morris and several members of the Common Council. The returned soldiers were escorted from the quarters of the Park Barracks by the 71st regiment N. Y. S. M. G. Col. Trafford, to the parade ground in front of the Hall, where brigade lines were formed. The steps of the Hall and esplanade were crowded with people who loudly cheered our brave troops as with tattered and battle-stained colors they filed past in review. After the review march was taken up Broadway and through other streets, the 71st regiment acting as escort. All along the line of march the returned soldiers were received with cheers of welcome. Previous to the review a beautiful and costly sword and accoutrements were presented to Lieut.-Col. John S. Hammell, by Sergt.-Major Stephen G. Newman, on behalf of the non-commissioned officers. The Sergt.-Major made a few remarks in which he spoke of the high esteem in which Col. Hammell was held by the men of his command, and paid a tribute to his character as a man and a soldier. Lieut.-Col. Hammell briefly responded, and while thanking his men for their kind wishes and wishes, remarked that he had but done his duty.

We give in this number a portrait of Lieut.-Col. Rugg, and shall give in subsequent numbers, portraits of the Colonels of a re-enlisting regiment, to honor as far as we can these heroic men, whose names are associated with so much of the glorious victories of the war.



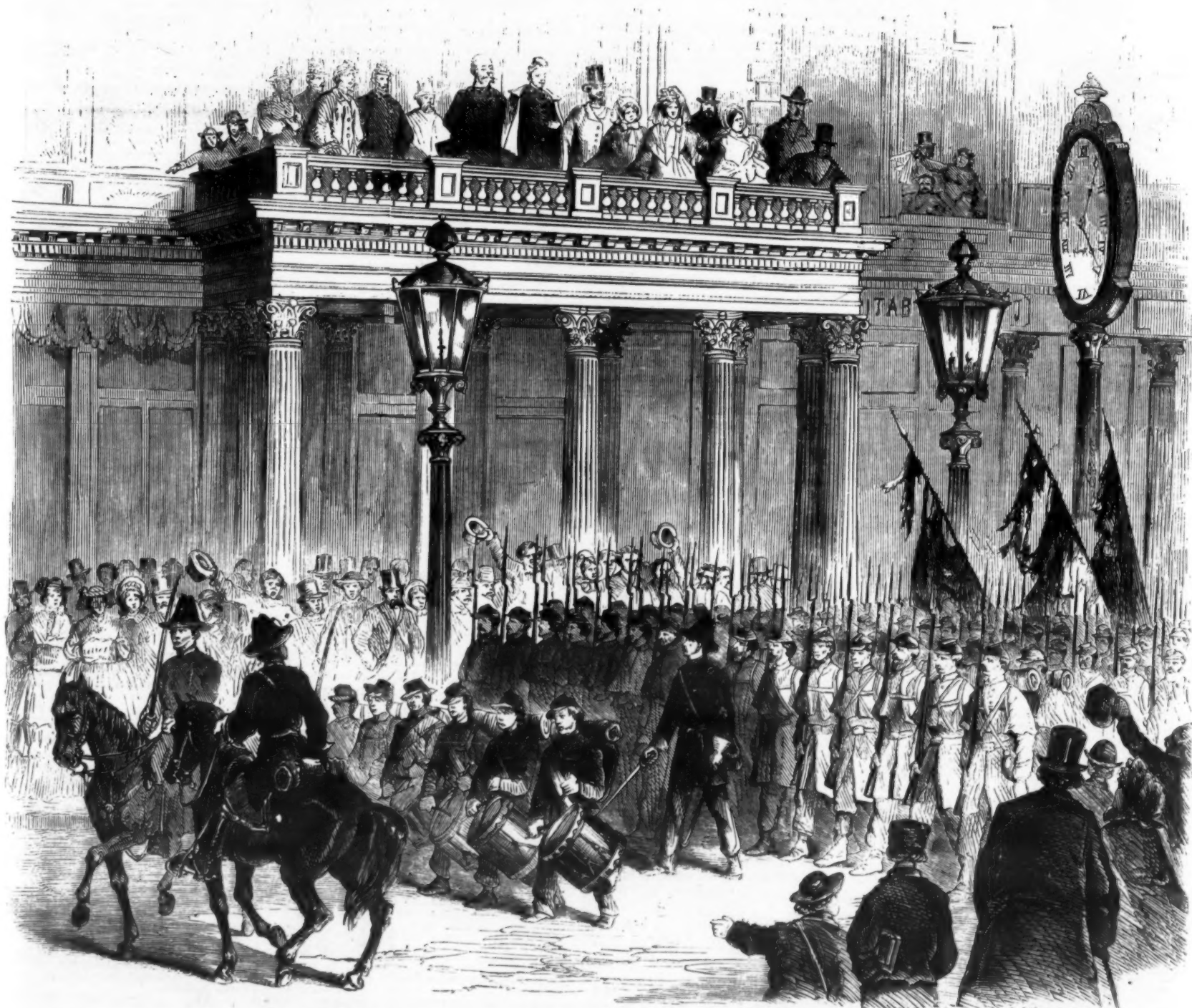
A NEW YEAR'S DAY CONRABAND BALL AT VICKSBURG, MISS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRANK B. SCHILL.



OUR CENTENARIANS—JOHN PHILLIPS, OF STURBRIDGE, MASS., AGED 103 YEARS AND 6 MONTHS.



LIEUT.-COL. HORACE P. RUGG, COMMANDING THE 59TH N. Y. VETERAN VOL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



THE RE-ENLISTING REGIMENTS—GEN BURNSIDE REVIEWING THE 66TH AND 69TH NEW YORK VETERAN VOLUNTEERS AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A GENTLEMAN who had married a second time indulged in recurring too often in conversation to the beauties and virtues of his first consort. He had, however, barely discernment enough to discover that the subject was not an agreeable one to his present lady.

"Excuse me, madam," said he, "I cannot help expressing my regrets for the dear departed."

"Upon my honor," said the lady, "I can most heartily affirm that I am as sincere a mourner for her as you can be."

A LITTLE fellow, not more than five years of age, hearing some gentlemen at his father's table discussing the familiar line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," said he knew it wasn't true; his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

BUSY PLACE.—They have a little town "Out West," which appears to have been overlooked by Dickens and other English travelers, and which is "all sorts of a stirring place." In one day, they recently had two street fights, hung a man, rode three men out of the town on a rail; got up a quarter race, and a turkey-shooting, a gander-pulling, a match dogfight, and preaching by a circus rider, who afterwards ran a footrace for applejack all round; and as if that was not enough, the Judge of the Court, after losing his year's salary at a single-handed poker, and whipping a person for saying he didn't understand the game, went out and helped to lynch his grandfather for hog-stealing.

"GOING, going, just a going!" cried out an auctioneer.

"Where are you going?" asked a passer-by.

"Well," replied the knight of the hammer, "I'm going to the Zoological Gardens, to tell the managers that one of their baboons is loose."

An irresolute man's mind, is generally, as Richard III. said of his own body, "but half made up."

THERE are few who are not more solicitous about their wives' consciences than their own.

The following hit at Southern army contractors appears in the *Chattanooga Rebel*. It will answer for more Northern latitudes:

To rob the country two contractors come,
One cheats in corn, the other cheats in rum,
Which is the greater, if you can explain,
A rogue in spirit or a thief in grain?

A ROMANCE: CHIEFLY RHYMED.—They meet in the street, and they sigh, passing by. Meet again, and its plain that they're both nothing loth man and wife to be for life.

"Dear," says he, "you love me?"
"Yes, I do. Pray, do you love me too?"
"Fondly!"
"I ask Mamma!"
Off he goes, to propose, and receive mother's leave.
Ma says "Yes."

You may guess with what joy he employs various trades, by whose aids 'tis his wish to furnish for his spouse a fit house. Wh-u that's done, they're made one, by a priest; give a feast; set off soon—honey-moon—bliss, kisses, Mister, Missis—what a tale of true love this is.



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.—HOW TO EFFECT A CERTAIN AND PERMANENT CURE.
—Some occupations of life predispose to costiveness, especially those which allow but little exercise. Persons who contract this unfortunate habit of body, under such circumstances, might possibly be relieved by changing their sedentary employments for others of a more active kind; but this is by no means certain. Habitual constipation is a very obstinate disorder. All the ordinary so-called remedies invariably aggravate it. Nothing can be more injurious than the continued use of strong aperients. They at first irritate, and finally almost paralyze the bowels—rendering them so torpid that enormous doses of cathartic medicines have no effect upon them. A mild aperient, combined with a gentle stimulant, is the true remedy; and a combination in the happiest proportion, of these ingredients, is found in **HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS**. This famous stomachic invigorates the whole intestinal canal, while quietly removing from its convolutions all impediments to a free passage through them. No mere purgative has this double operation. No ordinary stimulant effects the desired object. Cases of constipation abandoned as hopeless by distinguished medical men have been cured in a few weeks by the Bitters. To those who have tried all the medicines of the dispensary in vain, we say try this irresistible stimulant and aperient. There is no sufficient reason why constipation should be the consequence of sedentary habits. **HOSTETTER'S BITTERS**, by supplying the vigor which would otherwise be derived from exercise, will in all cases enable the system to perform its excretory functions regularly and healthily. Few physicians even make proper allowances for the excitement in some cases, and the gloom almost amounting to despair, in others, which are frequently the accompaniments of the diseases of females. The truth is, that ladies affected with these visitations often make heroic efforts to conquer them, and fail for the want of just such a stimulant and corrective as the "Bitters" afford. If the true nature of woman's constitution were better appreciated, it would be seen that no blame attaches to her for these aberrations, but that on the contrary, they should render her the object of a tender sympathy and a fonder care.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.
Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,
PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 476 BROADWAY.

Do you want to get Married?

If so, don't fail to buy
"Courtship Made Easy," a Book of 100 pages, illustrated, containing full instructions in the Art of "Psychological Fascination," with Explanatory Charts enabling any person, of either sex to fascinate and win the undying love of any person they choose instantly, thus rendering success in courtship certain. Sent by mail for 50 cents and two red stamps.
Address **E. D. LOCKE & CO.,**
Box 1566, Portland, Maine.

FURNITURE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

BY

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

(FORMERLY H. P. DEGRAAF.)

No. 87 Bowery, New York.

This establishment is six storeys in height, and extends 242 feet through to No. 65 Chrystie Street—making it one of the largest Furniture Houses in the United States.

They are prepared to offer great inducements to the Wholesale Trade for Time or Cash. Their stock consists, in part, of

ROSEWOOD, PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE:

Mahogany and Walnut Parlor and Chamber Furniture;

Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSK and SPRING MATTRESSES, a large stock; ENAMELLED CHAMBER FURNITURE, in Sets, from \$22 to \$100.

TUCKER'S NEW STYLE PATENT SPRING BED,

The best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Retail price, \$2 each. Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition. All work guaranteed as represented.

SOLDIERS CO. PINS & CORPS BADGES

Every Co. from A to M, and every Corps Badge worn by the Army constantly on hand. Engraved to order, and sent free on receipt of price. Also Cavalry and Artillery Badges. A splendid list of PREMIUMS offered to Clubs. Don't fail to send for an Illustrated Catalogue. Address

C. L. BALCH & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Miss Braddon's New Novel.

UNPARALLELED ATTRACTIONS!!

EVERY lady should secure an early number of

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE

FOR FEBRUARY 1864,

Containing the opening of Miss BRADDON'S new and exciting Romance.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE,

the advanced sheets of which were obtained at a cost of \$3,000.

This will be esteemed beyond all doubt her greatest and ablest work, having been secured by TEMPLE BAR at an enormous cost.

Our February number will contain a splendid double page colored Fashion plate, showing eight full dresses, a four page Fashion plate; new styles of Bonnets, Caps and Head-dresses; and twelve pages of miscellaneous patterns, a number of interesting Tales, Sketches and Illustrations.

Every lady should take it for these reasons, and

1st.—Because it is the earliest chronicler of the latest Parisian Fashions.

2d.—Because it has established Agents in Paris, London and Berlin, who forward by every Steamer the latest novelties, in advance of their publication in those cities, exclusively for this Magazine.

3d.—Because, having the Largest Engraving Establishment in this country, the Publisher possesses unequalled facilities for rapidly reproducing Fashion Plates for this Magazine.

4th.—Because the Colored Steel Fashion Plate is double the size of the largest plate published in any other Magazine. It consequently contains twice the number of Models for Dresses.

5th.—Because it contains a full-sized Cut Pattern of some new garment for Lady's use, imported expressly for this Magazine.

6th.—Because it also contains a Mammoth Four Page Engraving of the latest Modes—the largest Fashion Plate ever published in any Magazine.

7th.—Because, in addition to the Fashions, a large space is devoted to choice Literary Matter, including Illustrated Tales, Biographies, etc.

8th.—Because One Hundred Dollars expended in procuring Foreign Fashion Books would give less available information than can be had in *Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine* for \$3 per annum.

9th.—Because each number contains over 100 Engravings of the latest style for Morning, Walking, Dinner and Evening Costume for Ladies and Children.

Hawkes's Diamond Pointed Gold Pen
Medium Pen \$0 50 | Commercial Pen \$1 25
Large " 0 63 | Mammoth " 1 50
Engraving " 0 75 | Leviathan " 2 00

Also, Fountain Pens—one filling will write eight to fifteen hours. Stamp for Circular.
HAWKES, Manufacturer,
432 6 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Billiard Balls!

Patent Compressed Ivory, 2 1/2 and 2 3/4 in. \$10 per set; 2 in. Bagatelle Balls, \$5 per set; 1 1/2 in. Bagatelle, \$7; warranted for six months. W. M. WELLING, Agent, 207 Centre Street, New York, sign of the Golden Elephant.

FURNITURE,

BY

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

(FORMERLY H. P. DEGRAAF.)

No. 87 Bowery, New York.

This establishment is six storeys in height, and extends 242 feet through to No. 65 Chrystie Street—making it one of the largest Furniture Houses in the United States.

They are prepared to offer great inducements to the Wholesale Trade for Time or Cash. Their stock consists, in part, of

ROSEWOOD, PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE:

Mahogany and Walnut Parlor and Chamber Furniture;

Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSK and SPRING MATTRESSES, a large stock; ENAMELLED CHAMBER FURNITURE, in Sets, from \$22 to \$100.

TUCKER'S NEW STYLE PATENT SPRING BED,

The best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Retail price, \$2 each. Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition. All work guaranteed as represented.

SOLDIERS CO. PINS & CORPS BADGES

Every Co. from A to M, and every Corps Badge worn by the Army constantly on hand. Engraved to order, and sent free on receipt of price. Also Cavalry and Artillery Badges. A splendid list of PREMIUMS offered to Clubs. Don't fail to send for an Illustrated Catalogue. Address

C. L. BALCH & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT SMOKING CASE!



Most convenient in its construction of the Metallic Case, containing Pipe and Stem, Matches and Paper Cleaner, with a handsome Tobacco Pouch attached, fitting the Pipe by a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and portable as a Cigar Case. It is made for service, of various and handsome styles, at \$1 50, \$2, \$2 25, \$2 50 and \$3 to \$3 75 and \$5; the two latter richly plated and engraved. Nothing can excel its Comfort, Utility and Economy for all Smokers. As a PRESENT TO FRIENDS nothing could be more acceptable.

FOR THE SOLDIER IT IS INVALUABLE.

The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco!
Of superior quality and flavor, in packages to fill the case (about a week's smoking, \$2 25 per dozen), and of various sizes for the general trade. A liberal discount to Dealers. Single Cases sent by mail, paid, on receipt of price and 25 cents. Also, half pound packages of this fine Tobacco; full weight sent (carefully packed) by mail, postage paid, on receipt of \$1 25.

RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
Office 209 Broadway, cor. Howard St., N. Y.

FURS!

FURS!!

FURS!!!

Ladies and Misses Fine Furs, in Sable, Mink, Ermine, Siberian Squirrel, etc.
Gents' Fur Caps, Mufflers and Gauntlets, in Seal Otter, Beaver, etc.
Sleigh Robes in variety. Retail and Wholesale Prices.

BURKE (successor to WATKINS),
210 Broadway, corner Fulton street.

THE STANDARD AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLE



AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.

Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1853. The best and only reliable Billiard Table manufactured. Balls, Cues, and every article relating to Billiards, for sale by

PHILAN & COLLENDER,
434-7 Corner of Crosby and Spring Sts., N. Y.

Just What Every Family Wants!



SAVAGE & CO'S NO CHIMNEY BURNER for Hand Lamps and Lanterns, burns Kerosene oil with a brilliant light, without chimney, smoke or odor. Saves 25 per cent. Office, 202 FULTON STREET, N. Y. Agents wanted. Send for Circular. Sample sent free for 50 cents. American Institute awarded First Premium and Medal, 1863.

GREAT TRIUMPH.

STEINWAY & SONS, New York and 44 Walker Street, N. Y. were awarded FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late Great International Exhibition, London. There were no hundred and sixty-one pianos from all parts of the world entered for competition. The Steinway pianos were the only ones that were not only the best, but the most durable.

For a more complete endorsement by the Jurors is sympathetic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker. 0000

\$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at \$25 a month expenses paid, to sell our Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners, and 13 other articles. 15 Circulars free. **SHAW & CLARK**, Biddford, Me. 454-38

W. FORSYTH & CO.,

42 and 44 Nassau Street (adjoining the Post Office), offer for sale the following Magnificent List of

WATCHES, CHAINS, JEWELRY, ETC.

Valued at \$300,000!

Each Article One Dollar, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get.

	EACH
150 Gold and Silver Watches.....	\$15 to \$60
200 Ladies' Gold Watches.....	\$15 to \$30
500 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches.....	\$15 to \$30
2500 Vest and Neck Chains.....	\$5 00 to \$10 00
3000 Gold Band Bracelets.....	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Gold Band Bracelets.....	3 00 to 5 00
3000 Camoo Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00
3000 Mosale and Jet Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00
3000 Camoo Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00
3000 Coral Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00
5000 Gents' Breast Pins.....	2 50 to 8 00
3000 Watch Keys.....	2 00 to 6 00
2500 Fob and Ribbon Slides.....	2 00 to 6 00
2500 Sets of Bosom Studs.....	2 50 to 6 00
2500 Sleeve Buttons.....	2 50 to 6 00
5000 Plain Rings.....	2 50 to 6 00
5000 Stone Set Rings.....	2 50 to 6 00
5000 Lockets.....	2 50 to 6 00
10000 Sets of Ladies' Jewelry.....	5 00 to 10 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mtd Holders.....	4 00 to 5 00
5000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils.....	4 00 to 6 00

The articles in this stock of Jewelry are of the newest and most fashionable styles. Certificates of all the various articles are put in Sealed Envelopes and mixed, thus giving all a fair chance, and sent by mail for 25 cents each; and on receipt of the Certificate, it is at your option to send ONE DOLLAR and take the article named in it, or not. Five Certificates, \$1; eleven, \$2; thirty, \$5; sixty-five, \$10; one hundred, \$15; Certificate money to be enclosed with order. Correspondence promptly answered.

AGENTS wanted in every town and regiment. We allow them ten cents on every Certificate, provided their remittance amounts to \$1, and more liberal inducements to those who buy largely. Send for Circular. Address

W. FORSYTH & CO., 42 and 44 Nassau St., N. Y.

Love, Courtship and Marriage.—The Physiology of Marriage; or, How to Win a Lover. Just Published—A NEW Book of 144 closely printed pages, on the above subjects. Sent free by mail for 25 cents—5 for \$1. Address UNION BOOK CO., Box 12, Hinsdale, N. H.

Dr. B. C. Perry,

DERMATOLOGIST,

No. 40 BOND STREET, NEW YORK, (Formerly of No. 29 Winter St., Boston.)

Treats successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair and Premature Blanching;

Removes MOTH, FRECKLES, and other DISCOLORATIONS from the FACE, without injury to the texture or Color of the Skin.

NO CHARGE FOR CONSULTATION.

For particulars address, enclosing stamp, DR. B. C. PERRY, 435seaw 49 Bond Street, N. Y.

Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de VISITE, latest importations. Also, New Books and Sporting Articles. Send for Circular. 433-36 PIERRE BIRON, 25 Ann St., N. Y.



Singer & Co's Letter A Family Sewing Machine, with all the new improvements (Hemmer, Brander, Biner, Feller, Tucker, Corrier, Gatherer, &c., &c.), is the cheapest, and best, and most beautiful of all Machines for Family sewing and light manufacturing purposes. It makes the interlocked stitch (which is alike on both sides), and has great capacity for sewing ALL KINDS of cloth, and with ALL KINDS of thread. Even leather, as well as the finest muslin, may be sewn to perfection on this machine. It will use 20 spool cotton as well as No 30 linen thread. What it can do can only be known by seeing the machine tested. The Branch Offices are well supplied with silk twist, thread, needles, oil, &c., of the very best quality. Send for a copy of SINGER & Co's Pamphlet, 000 I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway, N. Y.

Union Playing Cards!

National American Amusement Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 25 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs mailed free on receipt of \$1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for Circular. Addres

AMERICAN CARD CO., 000 455 Broadway, or 165 William St., N. Y.

The Early Physical Degeneracy of AMERICAN PEOPLE,

And the early melancholy decline of Childhood and Youth, just published by DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute. A Treatise on the above subject, the cause of Nervous Debility, Marasmus and Consumption; Wasting of the Vital Fluids, the mysterious and hidden causes for Palpitation, Impaired Nutrition and Digestion. Fail not to send two red stamps and obtain this book. Address

DR. ANDREW STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, No. 95 Fifth Street, Troy, N. Y. 450-42

Irwin P. Beadle & Co.'s Ten Cent Novels.

The most brilliant series of Cheap Publications ever issued. Stirring chronicles of the times! Exciting adventures on sea and land! Works which every one should read and recommend to his neighbor.

JUST ISSUED, THE HUNTED UNIONIST

A Record of late occurrences in Georgia. The most graphic revelation of the age, revealing the persecutions and indignities to which Southern Unionists are subjected; painting the cruelties of rebel guerrillas; showing how fugitives are hunted with bloodhounds; portending the terrific spectacle of Lookout Mountain and other points around Chattanooga; and forming the most startling picture of REAL LIFE IN REBELDOM ever submitted to the public. It is written by Mr. Constellano, author of the "great Farago story," now running in the New York Ledger, and is sure to thrill and instruct his million of readers.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

Sold by all Newsmen, and sent, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of price.

IRWIN P. BEADLE & CO., Publishers,
137 William Street, N. Y.

N. B.—Disabled Soldiers, persons out of employment, etc., who wish to act as local travelling Agents, can sell these books rapidly enough to make great wages. Address as above (enclosing a stamp) for particulars.

Watches Given to All our Agents! A GREAT CHANGE.

SHOULD, CLOW & CO. ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLAR PRIZE STATIONERY PACKAGE. Circulars, etc., sent free of charge. Address: C. F. SHULTS, 100 N. Y.

A NEW SHIRT

TO ORDER.

Manufacturer: Unsurpassed—Fitting Inimitable.

AT
CHAS. L. LOCKWOOD'S,
No. 675 Broadway, N. Y.

P. S.—Self-Measurement sent on application.

HATS

D. BEAUDIN,
FRENCH HATTER,
NOW WITH

CHARLES L. LOCKWOOD,
No. 675 Broadway, N. Y.

P. S.—Hats made to Order and sent per Express. Directions for Self-Measurement sent on application.

Shults' Ointment.—Warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks or money refunded. Sent, postpaid, for 30 cents. Address: C. F. SHULTS, 100 N. Y.

STAMMERING

Cured by Bates' Patent Scientific Appliances. For Pamphlets and Drawings describing the same, address
H. C. L. MEARS, 277 West 23d St., N. Y.

To Consumptives!

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, etc. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburg, King's Co., N. Y.

A Beautiful Microscope for 30 Cts.,
MAGNIFYING 500 times, mailed on receipt of price. Five of different powers, \$1. Address: F. B. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

Soldiers' Timekeepers.

SPLENDID WATCHES, SILVER AND GOLD-PLATED, Open Face and Hunting Cases, \$8, \$9, \$10 and \$12. Sent free on receipt of price. Just the Watches for Soldiers' wear. Send for our Trade Circular of Watches, Jewelry, etc.

C. H. KIMBERLY & CO.,
Room 52, 229 Broadway,
Cor. Barclay St., N. Y.

MUNN & COMPANY,

Solicitors of American & Foreign Patents,
AND PUBLISHERS OF THE ILLUSTRATED "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN," 7 Park Row, New York.
Pamphlets of information about patents FREE.
Specimen copies of the paper FREE.

COLD FEET!

USE THE ELECTRO METALLIC INSOLES.

They keep the feet warm in the coldest weather.
METTAM & CO., Proprietors,
429 Broadway, New York.
Price \$1; prepaid, by mail, \$1.30. Send for Circular.

Army Corps Pins in Fine Gold Plate, richly Enamelled and Chased. Newest and most handsome style. Mailed free for only \$1, by GEO. DEMERIT & CO., Jewellers, 303 Broadway, N. Y.

GOLD PENS AND CASES.

Retained at wholesale prices. 14 kt. Gold Pen, Solid Silver Case, \$1.50, warranted for one year, guarantee accompanying each Pen. Send for a Circular. Pens repaired on receipt of 35 cents.
E. S. JOHNSON, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.



SUSPICIOUSLY EXTRAVAGANT.

Mrs. JONES (who is not aware her husband is listening)—"Well, Biddy, I'll make you a present of my fine antique, and make Mr. Jones give me another."
[Jones, who is an awfully suspicious man, cannot make it out why she makes her girl such a handsome present.]

GOLD WATCH FREE!

\$15 Per Day Easy \$15

100,000 men and women wanted to act as Agents in every town, village and camp, to sell our immensely popular, unexcelled and valuable EXTRA LARGE SIX PRIZE PACKAGES, containing large quantities of STATIONERY, RECIPIES, YANKEE NOTIONS, etc. Sell wonderfully. Only Genuine. Largest, Best and Cheapest ever manufactured. Each Package contains more real valuable articles than any half dozen others ever sold, such as fine Writing Materials, Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Penholders, Blotters, Emblems, Ladies' Paris Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Companions, Camp Compendiums (for Soldiers), Parlor Amusements, Guide for Letter Writers, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Generals, Gents' Pocket Calendars for the Year, Union Designs, YANKEE NOTIONS of all kinds, Recipes, Games, Army Laws and Advice, Rich and Costly Presents of Fashionable Jewellery, etc., etc., etc., the whole worth MANY DOLLARS, if bought separately. Price each Package ONLY 25 cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low. 100 to 200 PER CENT. PROFIT ALLOWED. GOODS SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE ARMY SAFE. All Soldiers are allowed to Receive and Sell our Goods. A Splendid Gold or Silver Hunting Case Watch, English Movements, and Correct Timepiece, presented "free" to all who act as Agents. Send for our New Circulars for 1894, with Extra Premium Inducements, free.

S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau St., New York, the Great Original, Largest and Oldest Prize Package House in the World. Beware of impostors offering our Premiums.

Attention of Officers and all members of the Army is called to the New Style Corps Pins in Fine Gold Plate, richly Enamelled and Chased. Mailed free for \$1, by GEO. DEMERIT & CO., 303 Broadway, New York.

\$2 TO \$5 PER DAY!—Agents, local and traveling, wanted everywhere. Business honorable, EASY and attractive. Article of quick sale, good profits, and alike useful to citizen or soldier, man, woman or child. Full particulars sent free, or box of samples by mail, 31 cents. C. J. BESTOR, 435-80 271 Main Street, Hartford, Conn.

The New Bellevue, or perfected STEREO-SCOPE, just patented, has a sliding focus and a sliding fieldpiece, accommodating all eyes, and is mailed prepaid for \$2.40; with 12 assorted views, \$5, by HENRY CRAIG, 335 Broadway, N. Y. Liberal discount to dealers.

Salesmen Wanted.—Salary Paid. Address (with stamp) to Harris Bros., Boston, Mass. 435-470

Use of Tobacco, in all forms, CURED and PREVENTED. Particulars free. Address
CHAS. H. DAY, New Haven, Conn. 435-470



BALLARD PATENT BREECH-LOADING RIFLES AND CARBINES,

Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using ordinary loose ammunition. This arm is now admitted by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. Its simple construction and perfect workmanship are a sure guarantee against getting out of order. The great advantage of loading with either fixed or loose ammunition alone makes it superior to all others. These arms are made for both sporting and military purposes, and have been adopted both by the General Government and a number of States. We have the highest testimonials of their efficacy and durability.

We also offer to the public our new Cartridge and loose ammunition loading revolver. This arm has no equal as a belt or pocket weapon. No one wishing a first class arm should be without one.

For further particulars send for descriptive circular. P. S.—Do not forget that both Rifles and Pistols may be used with either copper cartridge or loose ammunition.

MERWIN & BRAY, Sole Agents,
202 Broadway, N. Y.

Nervous Diseases and Physical Debility, arising from Specific causes, in both sexes—new and reliable treatment in Reports of the HOWARD ASSOCIATION—sent in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address: DR. J. BRILLIANT HUGHES, Howard Association, No. 2 South-11th Street Philadelphia, Pa.

GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

We want Agents everywhere to sell the most splendid

STEEL ENGRAVINGS

Ever published. We will furnish them so that a stock of \$10 will yield \$50; also,

PRIZE STATIONERY PACKETS

With which we give, as Premiums to Agents,

Gold and Silver Watches.

Full particulars in Circular.

Mailed free. Address
G. S. HASKINS & CO.,
36 Beekman Street, N. Y.

NEW CORPS PIN.

We can now offer to Officers and all members of the Army our New Style Corps Pin in Fine Gold Plate, richly Chased and Enamelled, with Corps designation in Fine Enamel, Inlaid, Colored, to denote the Division, being the neatest, richest and finest Pin ever got up. Mailed free for \$1.

GEO. DEMERIT & CO., Jewellers,
435-60 303 Broadway, N. Y.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

ALL Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Fortress Monroe, Harper's Ferry, Newbern, Port Royal, and all other places should be sent at half rates, by HARRDEN'S EXPRESS No. 74 Broadway. Sellers charged low rates. 0000

To all who wish to make Money!

Send your address to J. W. YALE, Syracuse, N. Y., and you will receive free a sample of YALE'S CELEBRATED FLAG OF OUR UNION AND MILITARY PRIZE STATIONERY ENVELOPE, with Circular.

WATCHES AND \$8. CHAINS. \$11.

A Beautiful Engraved GOLD PLATED WATCH AND CHAIN, fine Swiss Movement, handsome dial and hands, warranted a perfect timekeeper, \$8.

Engraved SILVER, same as above, chain included, \$8.

A very heavy HUNTING CASED SOLID SILVER WATCH, full jewelled and fine English Movement, Silver Capped, warranted a perfect timekeeper, and a handsome GOLD-PLATED CHAIN included, for \$11.

We will send, on receipt of the money, one of our Watches and a Chain by mail, postage paid, to any address. These Watches are especially adapted to the Army, being heavily cased and perfect timekeepers, and in running order.

GEORGE A. ELY & CO.,
308 Broadway, N. Y.

Handsome Pin Out.—The New Style Army Corps Pin, in Heavy Gold Plate, Beautifully Enamelled and Chased. Mailed free for only \$1, by GEO. DEMERIT & CO., 303 Broadway, N. Y.

Dyspepsia Tablets.

For INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, etc., manufactured only by S. G. WELLING, and sold by Druggists generally. 50 cents per box; sent free on the receipt of 65 cents. Depot, 207 Centre Street, second floor.

VINELAND. LANDS. TO ALL WANTING FARMS!

Large and thriving Settlement; mild and healthful climate; 30 miles south of Philadelphia, by railroad. Rich Soil—produces Large Crops, which can now be seen growing; 20 and 50 Acre Tracts at from \$15 to \$20 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings—churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers containing reports and giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland P. O., Cumberland Co., New Jersey.

From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune:

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies."

\$7. WATCHES. \$7

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED

Gold-Plated Watch,

LEVER CAP,

Small size, ENGLISH MOVEMENTS,

PERFECT TIMEKEEPER.

Sent free by mail, in neat case, for only \$7.

A SOLID SILVER

Same as above, \$7.

Specially adapted to the army.

CHAS. F. NORTON & CO., 38 & 40 Ann St., N. Y.

Volunteers, Attention!

For the derangements of the system incidental to the change of diet, Wounds, Eruptions and Exposures which every Volunteer is liable to, there are no remedies so safe, convenient and reliable as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, 25 cents per box. To insure getting genuine, go to the Depot, No. 80 MAIDEN LANE, New York.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers. Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.

Portability combined with great power in Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculists—Opticians,
60000 6094 Broadway, N. Y.

FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS

Dress Shirts
TO MEASURE,
SIX SHIRTS
\$12, \$15 & \$18.
Dress Shirts,
TO ORDER,
are made a Perfect Fit, Superior Work, and are Unequalled in Quality for the Price.
An extensive assortment of newly imported SCARFS, TIES, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES and HOSIERY.

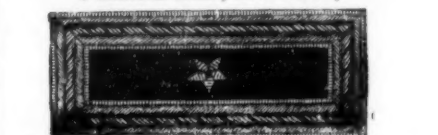
JAMES FARRISH, 323 Canal Street, New York

THE CRAIG MICROSCOPE.

This is the Best and Cheapest Microscope in the World for general use. It requires no focal adjustment—magnifies about 100 diameters, or 10,000 times, yet is so simple that a child can use it. It is mailed, prepaid, for \$2.35; or with six beautiful mounted objects for \$3; with 24 objects \$5; by
HENRY CRAIG,
335 Broadway, N. Y.

A Secret Worth Knowing.—How to make the CELEBRATED WESTERN CIDER without apples or other fruit, in 12 hours. The Recipe sent everywhere for 25 cents. Address
F. B. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

TOMES, SON & MELVAIN 6 Maiden Lane, New York,



Dealers in "Fire Arms," "Cutlery," "Sporting Articles," "Fancy Goods," "Perfumery," Soap, Brushes, Meerschaum Pipes, etc., etc.

Military and Navy Equipments in every variety. A large assortment of

RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.
434-70 Constantly on hand.



BALLOU'S

Patented

French Yoke

SHIRTS.

Warranted to fit,

and to be

CHEAPER

for the same qual-

ities and make

than those of any

other Shirt House

in this city.

Circular contain-

ing drawings and

prices sent free.

For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.

BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, New York.